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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The portrait of Francis Thompson on our cover was drawn by Mr. Neville Lytton on August 30th, 1907, and the original is in the possession of Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. It is reproduced by kind permission of the artist and owner. This portrait and the two others in this Number appeared in the Life of Thompson, by Everard Meynell, and in the Collected Edition of Thompson's works, both published by Messrs. Burns & Oates.

Mr. Elkin Mathews has in the press "The Last Poems of Alexander Robertson," a Corporal in the 12th York and Lancaster Regiment, who was killed in the earlier days of the war, and whose first book of verse, "Comrades," is in its third edition.

Mr. Frederick Chapman, who has just passed away in the fifty-fifth year of his age, was for nearly thirty years closely associated with Mr. John Lane. He was manager for the first few years of its existence of The Bodley Head, and for over twenty years was the chief literary adviser. Mr. Chapman was a ripe scholar, a rare linguist, and a man with profound knowledge of literature, art, and archæology. Owing to his modesty he was not widely known to the public, but he was honoured by a large circle of private friends. The publications which bear his name are few. "Architectural Remains of Richmond" and "Ancient Royal Palaces In and Near London" are the most authoritative works on their subjects, but perhaps the work he was most proud of is his masterly Introduction to, and Translation of, "A Queen of Indiscretions: the Tragedy of Caroline of Brunswick, Queen of England," by G. P. Clerici. His editing of the English edition of Anatole France was a good deal more than the mere writing of introductions and selection of translators, for in not a few cases the translation was from his own pen. Much of the encouragement which young writers have received at The Bodley Head has been due to Mr. Chapman's appreciation and recommendation.

Mr. Edward Baker, the well-known Birmingham bookseller, writes us with reference to Mr. S. M. Ellis's article on Frank Smedley in last month's Bookman, and sends for our perusal five interesting autograph letters from Smedley to his cousin, Ellen Grantoff. They are all concerning his everyday

life, his literary work, his visits to certain theatres, and to the Great Exhibition of 1851, his reading of the manuscript of a novel by one of his cousins on which his comments are more candid than flattering—and are written in the blend of facetiousness, casual gossip and playful sentiment that are characteristic of his novels. Mr. Baker has also on sale a first edition of "Frank Fairlegh," with an inscription that is all in shorthand, except the words "Ellen with Frank's"; and a first edition of "Lewis Arundel," inscribed, "Ellen Grantoff. With Frank Fairlegh's love! October 11th, 1855."

A new and enlarged edition of "From an Outpost, and Other Poems," by Sergeant Leslie Coulson, has just been published by Mr. Erskine Macdonald.

In response to many requests, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are reprinting from the BOOKMAN Christmas Number, "For Remembrance: Soldier Poets who have Fallen in the War," by A. St. John Adcock. The article will be amplified to more than three times its original length, and will deal with the work and careers of some forty of such poets in all. The book, which is to be illustrated with photogravure portraits, will be published early in the autumn, and as, in consequence of war restrictions, the edition will have to be limited, orders for it should be placed without delay.

Mr. Stephen Wheeler sends us the following interesting note:

A question asked by the *Daily Chronicle*—do any Germans read Landor?—may be answered in the affirmative. A translation by Eugene Oswald of select "Imaginary Conversations" was published at Paderborn in 1878, and nine years ago Dr. Robert Schlaak of Berlin brought out an elaborate disquisition on "Gebir." That some Germans, therefore, may have read Landor's remarks on Bonaparte is quite possible. But they are less likely to recall what he said about their own sovereigns. Writing in 1808, when he was serving as a volunteer with Don Joachim Blanke's army in Northern Spain, he referred to "the King of Prussia, in whose family there never was a gentleman." The only known copy of "Letters to Riquelme" (in which this observation occurs) is at South Kensington. Its custodians have taken the precaution to stow away an equally rare volume by Landor in the vaults of the Victoria and Albert Museum, lest a German bomb should drop on it. Perhaps they would be wise to put "Letters to Riquelme" out of the enemy's reach.

Photo by G. & R. Lavis. **Mr. Leonard Merrick,** whose new book, "While Paris Laughed," Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing immediately. The first volume in the collected edition of Mr. Merrick's novels and stories, "Conrad in Search of his Youth," with an Introduction by Sir J. M. Barrie, was published by the same firm last month. The July BOOKMAN will contain a special illustrated article on Leonard Merrick and his Work, by R. Ellis Roberts.

Mr. Harold Brighouse's one-act patriotic play, "The Maid of France," has been enthusiastically received on its production at the Greenwich Village Theatre in America. Among the distinguished persons present were Lord and Lady Aberdeen, who are keenly interested in war work. At the close of the performance Lord Aberdeen spoke from the stage on the cause of the Allies, and made special reference to the delightful allegory in which Mr. Brighouse shows how the spirits of France and England are joined in a common brotherhood. As the *New York Sun* puts it, "Lord Aberdeen made most of his address a eulogy of 'The Maid of France.'"

We learn with much regret of the death of Mr. W. Hope Hodgson. He was living in the South of France when the war began, but at once came home, and obtained a commission in 1915. In October, 1917, he went out to France, as a lieutenant of artillery, and was killed in action on the 17th April last, whilst acting as observation officer. Earlier in the same month, he and another officer with a few N.C.O.'s had stemmed a rush of the enemy who had broken through their line right up to the guns; they fought a stubborn rearguard action across three miles of country under a hail of machine-gun and rifle fire. As a start in life he

spent eight years at sea and went three times round the world, then he entered upon a literary career and was for ten years an author; then the war called him into the Army, and for two years and a half he was a soldier, and now has died a soldier's death. Mr. Hodgson made his first success with his first book, "The Boats of the *Glen Carrig*," a powerful, eerily imaginative romance of the sea, which was published by Chapman & Hall in 1907. The best of his novels and short stories, with which latter he won a considerable vogue, apart from his books, in the English and American magazines, were in this kind. His most recent books were "The Nightland," a bizarre, fantastic, ably written story of the unknown, and a collection of light humorous stories, "Captain Gault," both of which were published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

"Guns and Guitars," a new book of verse by W. R. Titterton, will be published this month by Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward. Mr. Titterton has had a very varied and sometimes exciting experience as author and journalist. After serving as a clerk in the Civil Service and in the L.C.C., he went to Paris as an artist's model, and on his return in 1905 started to write articles for the *Daily News* and other papers. He has written dramatic criticism and causeries on things in general for the

Photo by Lawson Taylor.

The late Lieutenant W. Hope Hodgson.

Mr. W R. Titterton.

New Age, Eye-Witness, P. I. P., London Opinion, Evening News, Vanity Fair, Daily Sketch, and was until lately assistant editor of *Everyman*. His first book was a volume of verse, "Love Poems," published in 1906, and his second a book of essays, "Studies in Solitary Life," which followed a year later. Some of the most whimsical of his prose, "An Afternoon Tea Philosophy," came out in 1908, but he counts as his best book "Me as a Model," which relates his Paris experiences and, making its appearance at the end of July, 1914, was snowed under by the war.

WAR BOOKS.

"Captain Ball, V.C." By Walter A. Briscoe and H. Russell Stannard. With a Foreword by the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P. 6s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.) This is the story of "Britain's most famous airman," who won "the most wonderful series of victories yet achieved by a flying man of any nation," and died fighting fearlessly against overwhelming odds, before he was one-and-twenty. So fine a story is rightly told in the simplest possible form and largely from his own unaffected boyishly high-spirited letters. There could not have been a keener fighter; the sight of Hun machines in the air took him up on the instant. He completely destroyed well over forty enemy aeroplanes, and brought down double that number. He had no small hatred of his opponents, but was, all through, as chivalrous as any knight of old, and so incurably human that again and again you find him writing

home in this strain: "I only scrap because it is my duty, but I do not think anything bad about the Hun. Nothing makes me feel more rotten than to see them go down, but you see it is either them or me, so I must do my best to make it a case of *them*." "Oh, won't it be nice when all this beastly killing is over and we can just enjoy ourselves and not hurt anyone. I hate this game, but it is the only thing one must do just now." Ball has a high and lasting place in the history of the war, and those who must carry on the work he was doing will find inspiration in the great example of his brief but glorious career. The book is well illustrated with a number of photographs.

"The Genesis of British War Poetry." By W. S. Murphy. 3s. 6d. net. (Simpkin.) There is much that is interesting, much that is very suggestive and stimulating in Mr. Murphy's study of the national character of the British which is finding expression in certain of our recent war poetry. Something of its deep detestation of the mere brutality of war and of its passion for democratic ideals may be traced all through English poetry from the time of Langland downwards, but it is only now that what was a more or less intermittent undertone in our literature has gathered force and grown into the dominant theme. There is a notable passage in which Mr. Murphy describes Richard Whiteing's "No. 5, John Street" as "one of the few important books produced in the last decade of the nineteenth century," and justifies himself in ranking it as a book of prophetic significance. This admirable study is intended as introductory to an Anthology of War Poetry which its author has in preparation.

"The Heart of Alsace." By Benjamin Vallotton. 6s. net. (Heinemann.) Those who cannot understand the passionate resolve of France to free Alsace from its conquerors and those who tell you easily that Alsace is as much German as French, that many of its people speak German, that after all these years the province might as well be left in the hands of the Hun, should read this book by the author of "Potterat and the War." M. Vallotton is a French Swiss; he lived for twelve years in Alsace, and has made his story of "The Heart of Alsace" out of his personal recollections. It tells how a Frenchman born in Switzerland went as tutor to an Alsatian family, and pictures vividly and intimately the people, Alsatians and Germans, with whom he came in contact, and the daily life he lived among them. He had gone there believing that the tales of the secret loyalty of the Alsatians to France were pretty, sentimental romances; but, by degrees, as he won the confidence of his employers and neighbours, he came to realise that they were not reconciled to the alien yoke, but only enduring it silently till the day came that should free them from it. A poignant, deeply interesting story, and one that seems really to lay bare the heart that a long-suffering people has learned the danger of wearing on its sleeve.

"The Happy Hospital." By Ward Muir. 1s. 6d. net. (Simpkin.) Mr. Ward Muir served for over two years as orderly in a London military hospital, and this series of stories and sketches of the lighter side of hospital life is supplementary to his "Observations of an Orderly," which has already met with a very considerable success. One speaks of its stories as showing the lighter side, for they win your sympathy and are the more moving because they are written in the whimsical spirit that is characteristic of the maimed and broken men whose tales they tell. Mr. Ward Muir has a fine art of reticence, and if he gets you laughing at things that ought to seem sad, it is the sort of laughter that has tears in it.

"Twenty Poems from Rudyard Kipling." 1s. net. (Methuen.) This selection of Mr. Kipling's poems includes some old and tried favourites, and some that are now for the first time gathered in from the newspapers where they have appeared during the war, one such being "For All We Have and Are," which is of the very few great poems the war has occasioned. So much of Kipling's best for a shilling is a boon for which many will be grateful.

"The Silver Lining." By Harold Brighouse. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.) The story of John Ross, a successful Manchester merchant who, at forty-five, none too happily married, and with an unsatisfactory son and daughter, is awakened out of his humdrum life of toilsome money-making by the revival within him of a youthful ambition, develops into a realistic romance of the war. The change that comes over Ross dates from his meeting with an old friend of his art-student days. He had long since abandoned art, but this meeting revives dormant impulses, makes him aware of his weariness with the life into which he has drifted, to such purpose that he presently takes enough money for his immediate needs and literally runs away from home, leaving a deed by which he transfers all interest in his business to his wife. Free

and a wanderer, in Wales he falls in with a motley society of Bohemian artists, and looks like making something of a joyous hash of things when the war comes and opens a way of salvation to him. He discovers that it has opened a way of salvation to several others, when he returns to find it has made a man of his shiftless son, and a useful woman of his daughter. It has turned the girl he had met and loved in that bizarre Welsh community into a Manchester tram conductor, and has removed the man to whom he mistakenly supposed she had given her heart, and in learning this he learns also that her heart is his. Only his wife is unchanged—he had left her philandering with a local lawyer, and finds her philandering still, and unwilling to take her husband back in exchange for her lover. A well imagined, delightfully written story, that ends by showing the silver lining of the cloud of war.

Mr. Compton MacKenzie,
whose new novel, "The Early Life and Adventures of Sylvia Scarlett," Mr. Martin Secker is publishing this month.

"A Subaltern's Musings." By Hamish Mann. 3s. 6d. net. (John Long.) A collection of verses written before and since the war by a young Scot who, as a lieutenant of the Black Watch, fell in the advance on Arras in April last year. There is no lack of poetic feeling in his songs, and much of promise that can never now be fulfilled. Again and again in his war verse he seems to reveal a calm premonition of his approaching end, as in the "Envoi," addressed to his home-folk in August, 1916:

> "Be proud. Thank God I go o'erwhelmed with pride:
> My hackled bonnet
> Bids me be proud. Pray on the Other Side
> No stain be on it."

"Soldier Poets." 10s. net. (Erskine Macdonald.) Some of the most notable of the war poetry is included in Mr. Erskine Macdonald's two series of "Soldier Songs," to which over sixty soldier poets have contributed, and the two series are now combined in this single volume which, tastefullv bound as a gift-book, is sure of a wide welcome.

"Down Plug Street Way." By George Goodchild. 1s. 6d. net. (Simpkin.) Fact and fiction are blended in this collection of stories and sketches, but the fiction is imaginatively true and as essentially real as the fact, for Mr. Goodchild is one of those who have been through the grim inferno on the Western front, and his stories are written out of his own experiences. No soldier has given us grimmer or more convincing pictures of what modern war means to the men who have to make it than are to be found in "Zero Eve," "Shell Shock," and the opening sketch, "Down Plug Street Way." Elsewhere you have other aspects of modern warfare dramatically presented — the tragedy, humour, pity and devastation of it. "Panton's Feud" is a striking and intimate revelation of the power that a common danger has to wear down petty resentments and misunderstandings, and draw men together in bonds of good fellowship; passion and drollery are quaintly and effectively mingled in the tale of "Wilkins," and "Mr. Pilborough Makes Good" strikes a wonderfully human note out of dark and inhuman circumstance. A distinctly good book, imaginatively written and alive with interest.

"The Cause: Poems of the War." By Laurence Binyon. 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews.) There are at least five or six poems in this volume that will rank it with the best of the many such books that these last four years have given us. They are one of honour "For the Fallen":

> "They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
> Age shall not weary them nor the years condemn";

but they shall remain:

> "As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust";

one of consolation to "The Bereaved"; a poignant tribute to the Red Cross workers, "The Healers"; the only poem worthy of its theme that has been written on "Edith Cavell"; and a ballad on "The Men of Verdun." To which should be added the "Ode for September," written in the

dark days of the great retreat. Mr. Binyon's verse has always strength and dignity; there is no drumming and fifing in it, but there is thought and vision, and a restrained, deliberate music that suggests more of the terror and splendour and pity and inner significance of war than cruder instruments can express.

"Why Don't They Cheer? and Other Canadian Poems." By Robert J. C. Stead. 3s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.) "The Fighting Men of Canada." By Douglas Leader Durkin. 2s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.) Two books of vigorous and stirring verse by Canadian writers and containing some of the best ballads and lyrics that have been written in honour of Canada's fighting men. Mr. Stead is well known as the poet of the prairies and, as Dr. W. T. Allison says in an Introduction, "is the only singer of any decided merit that the Canadian West has yet produced." His patriotic poems reach a high level. He interprets with unforced emotional intensity the attitude of those who "with hearts too full for cheap acclaim," see the lads they know march off to battle and raise no shout to urge them on their way; and it would be hard to go beyond the feeling and simple pathos expressed in "He Sleeps in Flanders." There is fire and glow of patriotism in "England," "The Call," and "We Were Men of the Furrow," and the poignancy and heart-break that is the other side of patriotism in "The Soldier's Wife." Altogether a very notable book of verse, inspired by love of country, of humanity, of freedom, and by a man's honour of those who have proved themselves men. Much of the same quality in thought and sentiment has gone to the making of the gallant songs in "The Fighting Men of Canada." There is a lusty swing, a martial stride in their measures that is in keeping with the spirit and indomitable ardour of the hopes and heroism that are their themes. Mr. Durkin uses the vernacular with clinching effectiveness in such rousing things as "Carry On!" "The Rip o' Hades" and "The Misfit," as well as in some of the stories in verse—and some as good as any in the book—that turn from the war to the rough life in the Canadian wilds. In other moods he can clothe a lofty idealism with stately language and sonorous melody, as in "The Mother Soul"; or put a terse and biting study of human character into a quietly satirical little sketch like that of "The Sisters."

"On Heaven, and other Poems." By Ford Madox Hueffer. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.) "The Judgment of Valhalla." By Gilbert Frankau. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.) There are deep, fundamental differences between the war poetry written by civilians and that written by men who have been under fire. The former are more readily taken with the daring and the heroism of the fighting man, and the splendour of the ideals for which he is fighting. The latter are preoccupied with the horror, squalor, agony of the things they see, the chaos and barbaric renascence in which they are immersed. They leave the looker-on to sing of their ideals, their courage, their heroic self-sacrifice; their hearts know of these things and they occasionally reveal them in some song or story of a chivalrous comrade, but for the most part it is the day's grim work, the day's pain, the folly of all the waste and suffering around them that move them to write. It is so, on the whole, in these poems that Mr. Hueffer and Mr. Frankau have written on active service. They are compact of irony, pathos, a dourly humorous philosophy and the starkest realism of description. Lieutenant Hueffer has seen

> "Dust and corpses in the thistles
> Where the gas-shells burst like snow";

and when he muses on the people sleeping under quiet roofs at home, he remembers other sleepers:

> "Oh, quiet comrades, sleeping in the clay
> Beneath a turmoil you need no more mark" . . .

and there is a wry rebuke for the super-patriot in the parable of the two soldiers he meets "sometimes here in Hell." His "Heaven" is as curiously materialistic as Lieutenant Frankau's "Valhalla," where the dead soldiers sit at banquet like the gods of old. The dreadful inner significance of the war stares out upon you from "The Deserter," "The Song of the Red-Edged Steel," "The Song of the Gunner Dead." A lofty ideal of duty and stoic courage underlie this and all Mr. Frankau's verse; the unforgivable sin is cowardice, though there is pity if not pardon for that. There is everywhere the naked truth, a fearless stripping of

> "The glamour from this outrage we call war";

and no reader will feel like glorifying it when he has been chilled by Mr. Frankau's passionate and terrible denunciation of this "dirty, loathsome, servile murder-job" in "The Other Side." The poetry in both books is none the less real because it makes no compromise with the wrong and wretchedness it pictures.

"From Bapaume to Passchendale." By Philip Gibbs. 6s. net. (Heinemann.) A continuation of Philip Gibbs's great story of the war on the Western Front. It brings the record down from the

beginning of 1916 to last November. No correspondent has done more brilliant work than Mr. Gibbs, and this series of his books will take its place among the permanent histories of our time.

"The Ministry of Angels." By a Hospital Nurse. 2s. net. (Bell.) Written before the outbreak of war, this is only to be placed among war books because it is now published "in the earnest hope that it may be the means of bringing comfort to some of the millions in many lands who are now mourning their dead." It is no orthodox utterance of faith in a future life, but a record of actual communion the writer has had with spirits of the departed, of how with her own eyes she has seen the soul passing from the human body in the hour of death, not once but as a matter of common experience while she was engaged on her hospital duties. Not a book to criticise; it is written simply and earnestly, and it is for each reader to use his own judgment on the evidence offered.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

HERBERT TRENCH.

THE collected edition of a favourite poet raises mixed feelings that are not easy to escape. It finds us as reluctant to approach it as the peroration to a great address. It is all very well as the touch of completion to a career of achievement, but it offends us as a declaration that a pleasant partnership is at an end. We had come to feel sharers in the effort as well as in the glow and the reward. We have built prophecies on it; have looked into its pools of enchantment for reviving the illusions of a youth well lost; have flattered ourselves with the dream that had we been of the elect of Apollo, it is thus and thus we would have sung. For this is half the mission of true poetry, that after the first natural chill of envy, it puts us into the mood for conception with no hampering sense of incompetence. The ironies and incongruities of existence fade away in a cloud of harmonies, and leave behind only that blend of longing and half-fulfilment which belongs to poetry as to the deeper kinds of music.

Mr. Trench is at the age when Shakespeare died, and he has known something of the hazard and the traffic of the stage. Honours in the final schools at Oxford, long service at the thankless mills of educational administration, and a pretty wide orbit of travel, stood out as the landmarks in a life more eventful than that of poets as a rule, until the war came and swept his two sons into it. In this career making so much for thought and inspiration, even his venture upon the world of the theatre seemed to work into the scheme of things, for as one remembers, Mr. Trench showed himself jealous for the honour of our national stage, and there was no raking of cesspools in a management that kept well within the bounds of poetry. Many who have forgotten what he did for the classics, and for the more imaginative of contemporary playwrights, will dwell with agreeable recollection on a certain fine production of "The Blue Bird" during that reign of his at the Haymarket. For though we English were late in the field, and by that time the Flemish master's fairy tale was touring Russia with sixty companies, Mr. Trench made his version memorable by its wealth of legitimate symbolism and animating beauty. Too many Maeterlinck productions have promised us mystery and left us with nausea and heartache from their affectation. Mr. Trench's fancy stamped an engaging story with all the appeal of a lovable reality.

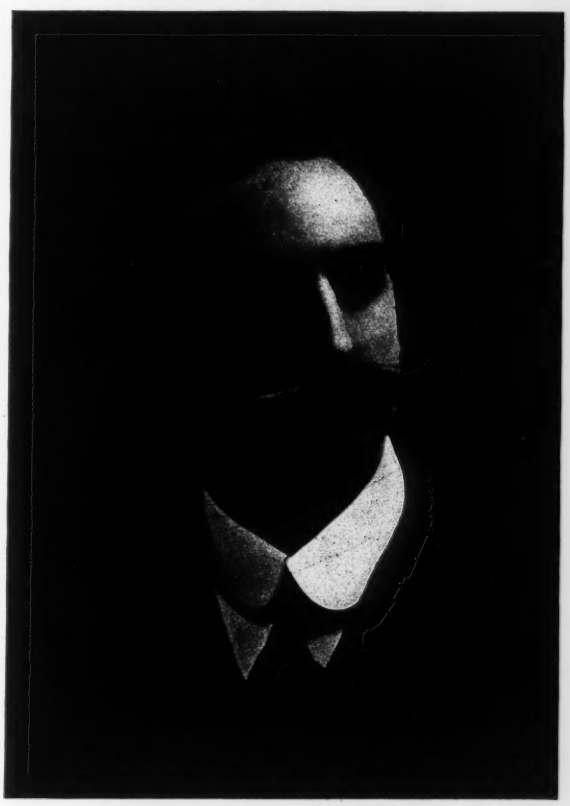


Photo by Dover Street Studios. **Mr. Herbert Trench.**

Mr. Trench was born to create, not to interpret other men's imaginings, and though there must be much that is generally familiar in these volumes,* they will assuredly come with the force of a quiet and luminous revelation. Rightly foremost of it all is the poet's rendering of an Irish saga from a pre-Christian era, one that has left a trail of glory over the folk-lore and the poetry of western Europe, and remains a defiant monument

* "Collected Poems of Herbert Trench." 2 vols. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

religion is powerless to assimilate or to destroy. The story of Deirdre and the hapless sons of Usnach has engaged many a gifted pen, and bids fair to enlist a many more. This preordained bride of a hateful ruler has one touch in common with Iseult and Dante's Paola that appeals to universal pity and homage. A sentient and perfect creature breaking from the evil spell of a bargain made outside her own volition, she courts death rather than forfeit liberty in love. Ireland has been loyal to her legends, but to this epic myth above all others, possibly because Deirdre is a prefiguration of Ireland herself. Synge was ambitious enough to treat it in colloquial prose, but failed to rise beyond the level of fixed emotions and unmotived action, where brooding or humour is jewelled with a mosaic of rhetoric that lapses not infrequently into bathos. Most of the other treatments of the legend are dreamy and melodious, but inadequate; certainly they have little or none of the haunting magic and fervour of the Cuchullain chronicle, say, as Lady Gregory tells it, any more than Crabbe's dingy idylls have of the bounty and bravery of nature. When Mr. Trench's version appeared seventeen years ago, we saw that he was wise in avoiding horror and that allegory which is so often the death of drama; as also in picking out the core of the situation and leaving the gory climax to be imagined. The five chanters to whom he gives the theme in succession stand for the early centuries of Celtic poesy and romance, and like the style-transition of a cathedral, seem a fit reminder of the slow evolution of an immortal myth. Nor do this choric dignity and classical plan impair the romanticism of his poem, still less the beauty of the love passages, where the bridal of valour and free will under a corrected destiny is set round with an almost sacramental nature-worship and a rapturous prodigality of life.

In his prelude to a masque played during Coronation year, Mr. Trench knit the world-wide elements of his audience into what he conceived the true masque to be—"a vizored image of things"; and when he sought an image of immortality he went back farther than the dawnings of our western civilisation. If "Deirdre" is classic in structure, "Apollo and the Seaman" is classic in its background. It consists of a whimsical sea-fable, "rich and strange," with a picturesque pendant instead of a moral—a parable within a parable. Coleridge, whose "Mariner" is here recalled to many minds, contented himself with monodrama; here the poet makes a mouthpiece of Phœbus himself, and in the course of a marvellous dialogue endows the god with an amplitude and power of speech worthy of Shelley in his high Olympian vein. From a wondering listener, the sailor becomes a champion of the race, defying the annihilation of our hopes, and rewarded by foreknowledge, in a happy symbol, that his son is to be a daring voyager like himself. To draw so heavily upon mythology is not easy without imparting the gloom and unearthly sense of an older world, and challenging comparisons. Here there is no challenge of the kind. The poem expresses a splendid optimism void of sophistry or hedonism or cant, and leaves one glowing with the author's own virile and assured philosophy.

Poetry that squeezes the last drop of meaning from circumscribed terms and figures is hardly poetry at all, and this is answer enough to those I have heard label Mr. Trench's poetry as occasionally dark and obscure. He certainly does not err on the commoner side of obscurity, where excess or looseness of words conceals a poverty of thought. His aim appears to be to compass ideas and emotions that are apt to outstrip the limits of speech, and this must be a perpetual temptation to any poet with a vision. No one reading the lyrics in these volumes (and nearly forty of his pieces are new) can fail to catch the "light beyond." The "Ode from Italy in Time of War," written from the summit of Mottarone before the advent of Italy into the conflict, might have been in other hands a mere expansion of the famous opening sentence in Meredith's "Vittoria." Instead, it is the searching of a nation's heart to its older depths, and one likes to think it voices those greater motives, beyond thought of frontier or prosperity, which must vindicate and glorify Italy at the bar of history. The poem stands out in strong antithesis to that idyll of peace and serenity, the "Song of the Vine," with its outpouring of hillside memories long nursed in the bosom of an Italy-lover in England:

"I would wake at the hour of dawning in May in Italy,
When rose mists rise from the Magra's valley plains
In the fields of maize and olives around Pontrémoli
When peaks grow golden and clear and the starlight wanes.

* * * * *

"On gala evenings the gay little carts of labourers
Swinging from axles their horns against evil eye
And crowded with children, revellers, pipers and taborers,
Chanting would pass me by."

"Bitter Serenade," "Come let us make Love deathless, You and I," "Requital," "The Questioners," and "She comes not when Noon is on the Roses," are exquisite monodies that play on nearly every string of the lute of love. The verses on the Marne, Salonika, a "Great Soldier," the Russian front, and the Somme advance, show a masterly grasp of the war and its hopes and burdens beyond the reach of prose disquisition. The "Ode to Beauty," "Old Anchor Chanty," "Song for the Funeral of a Boy," and "Maurya's Song," reveal the poet's range, just as "Lindisfarne," "Schiehallion," and the Verona verses proclaim his sense of the majesty of place and history. But the final test is a poet's estimate of his office as such, and no poems of our time better celebrate the dignity and divinity of song than the elegy on Edgar Poe, the "Romney Marshman," "Stanzas on Poetry," and "A Silver Birch." Looking back on these and many more it is impossible to do justice in a word or two to all they conjure up of that splendour of exultation which is the highest phase in what Mr. Trench calls the "rite of mind." Like the longer poems we have considered, these lyrics show a noble scorn for all the dead leaves and litter of prescriptive rhyme and fashionable commonplace. It is given to few men to unite austerity of theme with harmony of expression and generosity in pure and human feeling, and these three traits, it seems to me, are what distinguish the work of Mr. Trench.

J. P. COLLINS.

THE READER.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

By Katharine Tynan.

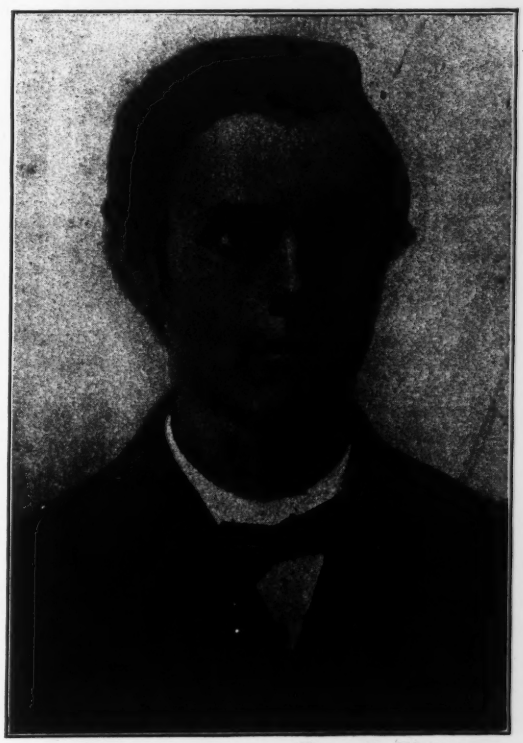
ABOUT Francis Thompson in his life-time there were disputations. He came, a major poet in a time of minor poets. The major themes were not generally appealing, unless one had religion. The themes were minor like the treatment. It was a very pleasant time of mainly small singers into which this new planet swung: and many a one was doubtful. We know from Thompson's "Life" that the reception of "New Poems" was very chilly. The enthusiasm for the "Hound of Heaven" and the "Sister Songs" had cooled. It was quite the correct thing for a critic to rap the poet sharply on the knuckles for his extravagant vocabulary, or to dismiss him with a shrug as an over-praised person and the poet of a coterie.

Perhaps it is not well for a poet when his way is made too smooth. The other essential poet contemporary with Francis Thompson, W. B. Yeats—I can answer for it, found no smoothness in the first steps of his road in his own country. But Mr. Yeats has the faculty of getting home on his self-constituted critics. After the surprise of the first onslaught, the poet, waking from his dreams, sent a shaft at his adversary which got him in a vital part. It was a rapier against a bludgeon, for I admit, or submit, that Mr. Yeats's adverse critics had no claim at all to be called critical.

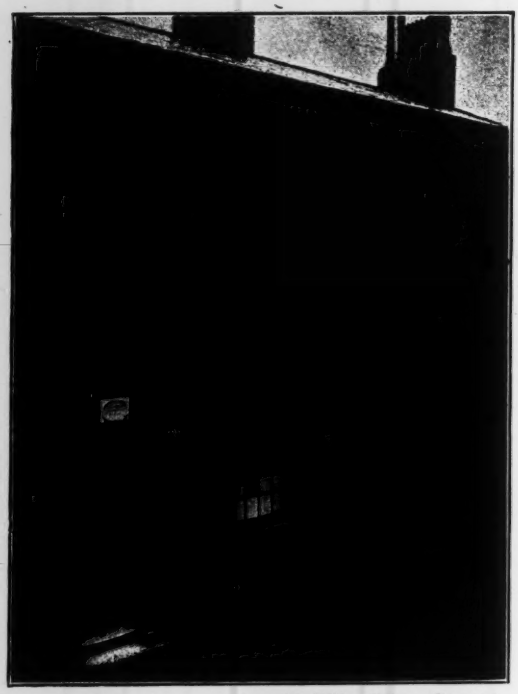
It was Yeats's personality, certain mannerisms entirely genuine and unconscious, added to his terrible capacity for hitting back, that exasperated the plain man. The plain man was, perhaps, never aware of Thompson at all. If he had been he would not have wanted to attack him, for the poet had a personality entirely disarming. He was appealingly humble with an occasional flash of arrogance. He was extremely human. His mustard-coloured suit, his short clay pipe, the evening paper in which he studied the records of cricket, would have mollified the plain man. Never was one who sat on the heights so lowly, so simple, so eager to admire. About his human personality there was nothing of the white blackbird.

Lionel Johnson complained that he had sinned against the English language in those strange, magnificent, difficult words he loved to make use of. Probably the words annoyed the critics as much as Mr. Yeats's love-lock, or his odd mannerism of stopping short in the middle of a room and looking down at his feet if you happened to be introduced to him. When the "Wanderings of Oisin," or "Usheen," as Mr. Yeats prefers to call it now, first appeared, a red-haired Dublin journalist said, taking up the book from my table: "This fellow thinks too much of himself, and I am going to slate him." His criticism did not leave much unsaid. Well, doubtless the critics, or a section of them, thought that the gorgeous and resounding vocabulary of Thompson's "Odes" pointed to the fact that the poet thought too much about himself. Whereas, dealing with mighty subjects, he was making new words or compositions of words to express his thoughts, as though a painter of sunsets had made new mixings of scarlet and gold and rose and sapphire. But the sifting of Time has been quick in Thompson's case. Out of the clouds of doubt he has come sailing like the moon. Hardly anyone now would care to question his place in the galaxy.

One looks back now with an odd, sharp regret to the days when a meeting with Francis Thompson was a common, everyday matter. He was of the great talkers, and he would walk up and down the drawing-room at Palace Court, clutching his dirty little pipe between his fingers while he poured out his flood of argument. Coventry Patmore thought his prose better than his poetry, and his talk better than either; but Patmore loved to startle: he was, perhaps, hardly in earnest in these opinions. I'm afraid that we used to poke fun at the poor poet, a fun which was perfectly aware that its object was a genius. He took the fun very well. I hope it kept well within limits. He had such queer, odd, unworldly ways that one had to poke fun at him. He had written one of his poems for me, "The Fall of the Leaf." I had had at least one long, precious letter from him before I was married. He had been humbly and simply delighted with my praises of his poetry. But in those years, when we met constantly at Palace Court and he came to see me



Francis Thompson
at the age of eighteen.
From "Life of Francis Thompson," by Everard Meynell (Burns & Oates).



7, Winckley Street, Preston,
the birthplace of Francis Thompson.

occasionally, I don't think I got any real personal touch with him. Perhaps I did not try. But looking back from this distance it seems to me that he was preoccupied with the Meynell family. There was one man and one woman and one family of children for him in the world, and all the rest were "moving shadow-shapes that come and go." The Meynell children used to play tricks on him in a perfectly affectionate way. If he discovered the tricks—I think the real deliciousness of them was his unconsciousness—he never resented them. I don't think he thought they could do wrong. Had he a sense of humour? I have no memory of anything which indicated its possession. He was the cause of humour in others. The child-likeness of his adoration for his friends made one smile while one applauded and appreciated.

Once he discovered, or was told, that I possessed, in common with Mrs. Meynell, a liability to a certain disagreeable form of headache which he called hemicranial headache. A doctor has assured me that it is the true *migraine*, well defined by the white flashing before the eyes which takes the form of fortification figures. It is nice to know that one has the true *migraine*. Well, my property in the headache being mentioned, Francis Thompson flashed round on me like a fortification figure. "I never knew anyone but Mrs. Meynell to have that headache," he said, almost truculently. Every one assured him that I had: they had known it from long experience; whereupon he conceded ungraciously that Mrs. Hinkson might have some such headache, with an air of warning others off.

He never minded when Mrs. Meynell, arriving an hour late for lunch with him in her train, would come in with profuse apologies: "Oh, dear K. T., I am so sorry. Francis would not get up, although the children have called him at intervals of five minutes ever since nine o'clock this morning." He did not extenuate his habits. That calling at five minutes intervals was a teasing prank which the Meynell children thoroughly enjoyed. Mrs. Meynell with her air of:

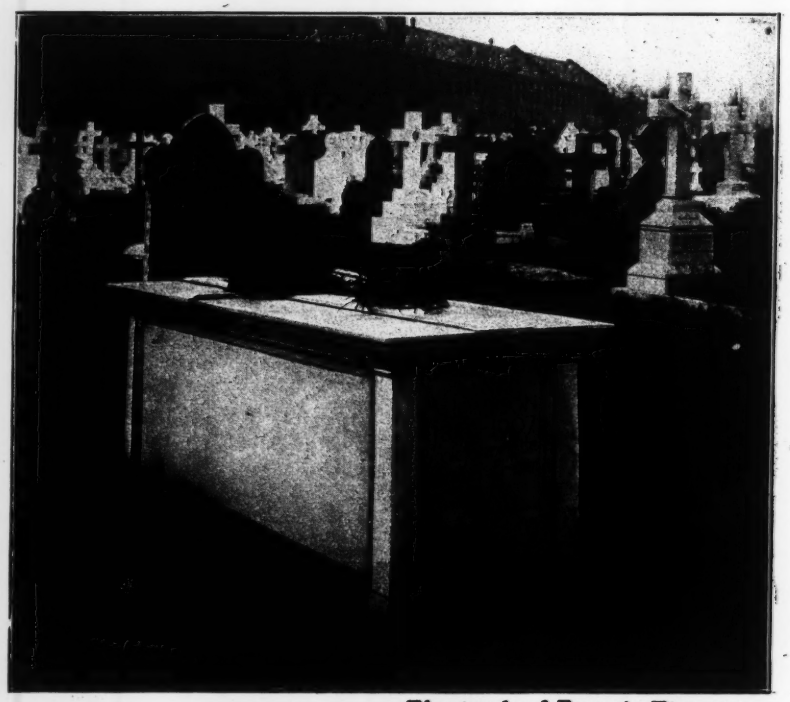
> "Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realised,"

would shake her dear head over those pranks, although occasionally one would be rewarded by the fresh, delightful peal of laughter which one used to lie in wait for. When it was caught it repaid one for some failures. It was never missing for the sallies of a child like her godson, Toby, who is now in the Palestine campaign, after a year in the Struma Valley.

Francis Thompson was in fact a strayed angel. Behind his mustard-coloured suit and his little dirty clay pipe it was:

> "Turn but a stone and start a wing . . ."

You can see it well enough in the portrait of him at the age of eighteen which is prefixed to the "Selected Poems." He ought to have been caught into a mediæval monastery where he could have spent his life as a mystic among mystics contemplating the Supreme Beauty. But perhaps in that case the poetry would have lost the human element learnt through much suffering.



The tomb of Francis Thompson at Kensal Green,
inscribed with his own line, "Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven."

Like Lionel Johnson he was a complex bundle of nerves. Like him he seems to have come of a family which had little perception of his needs and his value to human kind. Having said this I am conscious of an injustice to Lionel Johnson's family, who, I imagine, were but aloof from their poet. With Thompson the matter was graver. Some of his family found a dangerous sensuality in the white fire of "Dream-Tryst." Think of it! Was ever such profanation? Why, the poem might spring as a living fountain in the Courts of Paradise before the Face of the Most High. Could anything be purer?

"The breaths of kissing night and day
Were mingled in the Eastern Heaven,
Throbbing with unheard melody
Shook Lyra all its star-chord seven,
When Dusk shrunk cold and light trod shy,
And Dawn's grey eyes were troubled grey,
And souls went palely up the sky
And mine to Lucidé.

"There was no change in her sweet eyes
Since last I saw those sweet eyes shine:
There was no change in her deep heart
Since last that deep heart knocked at mine.
Her eyes were clear, her eyes were Hope's
Wherein did ever come and go
The sparkle of the fountain drops
From her sweet soul below.

"Mr. Thompson of Fleet Street."
From "Life of Francis Thompson," by Everard Meynell (Burns & Oates).

"The chambers in the house of dreams
Are fed with so divine an air
That Time's hoar wings grow young therein,
And they who walk there are most fair.
I joyed for me, I joyed for her,
Who with the Past must girt about
Where our last kiss still warms the air,
Nor can her eyes go out."

Curiously enough, the image of the first lines of this unearthly love-song, so far removed from the things of sense, was the image of an Irish peasant who, being bidden to come early to the hay-cutting, said: "I'll be there when the night kisses the dawn."

"Dream-Tryst," "The Hound of Heaven" and "In No Strange Land": in these, if he had written nothing less, is warranted Francis Thompson's right to stand by Shelley in English poetry. That strange air of his in a world hung with mists and dreams! To his sickly body, racked with more pain than anyone guessed, opium brought her poppies. They never degraded the poet in any serious sense. His songs of experience are songs of innocence. As for the strange cloudy web which lies over his poetry veiling its splendour in mystery, why, Thompson ate opium that the sober world should rejoice in his dreams for ever.

ENGLISH POETRY.

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

IT is almost inevitable that the title of Sir Henry Newbolt's book* should remind the reader who takes it up, of two famous things of Browning's: the story of the Legate who, having seen many leaders of revolts, saw one more; and "Childe Roland." But as the Legate went to his task with a cheerful mind; and as the reviewer is not in the position of the Childe, but only in that of a spectator of what is not told in the poem, there is no reason for despondency, at least when he begins his perusal.

The division of the parts of such an adventure as a "New Study of Poetry" is of considerable importance. The twelve chapters of the book deal successively with the main question "What is Poetry?"; with "Poetry and Rhythm"; with "Poetry and Personality"; with "Poetry and Politics"; with "The Poets and Their Friends"; with what we may call illustrative studies, four in number, of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton and the Ballads; with "Futurism and Form in Poetry"; with "Poetry and Education," winding up with a finale on "The Poet and His Audience." Undoubtedly this gives an ample range of subject: and in a certain sense one that could only be properly reviewed in a volume as big as the volume before us. Every chapter and almost every page presents more or fewer theses for discussion: it is certainly not extravagant to say that almost every paragraph contains at least one. Taking points from each heading: *Is* "consciousness naturally the sphere of freedom"? Some of us would be very glad if it were. Is the dictum "Where a metre already well known is used by a new writer it often passes *unrecognised*" truth, or a wide over-statement of the actual fact that

* "A New Study of English Poetry." 10s. 6d. net. By Henry Newbolt. (Constable.)

new writers often give new colour and tone to known and still unmistakable metres? Is it the case that "the world has so changed that neither a purely Greek nor a purely mediæval method could make any claim to give it the poetry which it needs"? Or does the unchanged and unchangeable element in humanity "need" every pure expression of poetry that has ever been given or reached? "To awaken, stimulate *and change* human feeling is the great function of poetry." Is it? When Sir Henry finds in Chaucer not, as most have done, the freshness of morning, but "a kind of late afternoon sunshine," has he, or has he not, failed to observe that it is, so to speak, the afternoon of the morning? that the morning is still present, but is coming to an end? In his "Approach to Shakespeare" (less ambiguously, his study of "Richard II.") which is mainly, not wholly, historical, has he not incurred his own blame in an earlier chapter, "The Poets and Their Friends" (which is meant in the sense of "Save me from," etc.), on the antiquarian student of it? Has the present generation definitely decided, by deed-poll or other method, "*not* to number Adam and Eve among its ancestors," as he tells us it has in his study of Milton?

To select any more instances might be wearisome: enough must have been quoted to show that Sir Henry's book is full of decidedly positive propositions, most if not all of which, whatever may be said for them, invite, not to say provoke, a good deal to be said against them. Indeed, this categorical quality is quite frankly avowed. It is true that the first page of the Preface states that "the book claims only to be suggestive, not authoritative." But this is followed by another statement that "the argument appears entirely convincing to the writer." Of course these two statements are not contradictions in terms; but a slight acquaintance with human nature will enable the reader to see that when the suggestive and the "entirely convinced" ride one horse, the suggestion will on the whole ride behind the conviction. What, then, is the "argument"? It is of varied kinds, as the mere sketch of the chapters will show; but the chief thesis which it sustains is put definitively at page 7. "Poetry is the act of expressing an intuition in words"—a proposition forthwith qualified as "in a strictly limited sense, but fundamentally, true." What prose is we have not found quite so sharply defined, but it is said to deal with "comparisons, classes, generalisations made by logical and scientific action." Some expansion must no doubt be also allowed here, for the actual description would exclude an enormous proportion of prose, putting prose fiction (see below), as debatable ground, quite out of the question. But the view that "poetry is"—*per se* and essentially—"the expression of an intuition" seems to be maintained throughout, though it is illustrated or diversified in all manner of ways, and ends by discussions of the views of Signor Croce and Mr. Masefield. Yet on the very first page there appears, and throughout the book there constantly emerges, another point, object or thesis, which seems to be more at the author's heart than his general (and, it must be admitted, exceedingly vague) definition. This object is the defence—one might almost say the glorification—of the poetry of the present day, which he tells us is "unsurpassed [mind you, not "eminent," "remarkable" or any moderate word of that kind, but "unsurpassed"] for spiritual depth and intensity as for rhythmical beauty."

Now it may be that among these changes of the changed world, which Sir Henry signals and welcomes, is a cancelling of the old prescription of the single eye; but there are some of us who still rather believe in it. If you have one eye on a New Study of Poetry and the other on a Study of New Poetry with intent to prove this latter "unsurpassed," it will go hard but you will suit your general to your particular object and perhaps thereby obtain rather an oblique view of either, if not also a rather blurred one. As to the actual merits of contemporary poets, it is quite unnecessary, and would be disagreeable, to canvas the list which Sir Henry Newbolt selects for his special incense. It is sufficient to say of two of them, at least—Mr. Bridges and Mr. Yeats—that it would be difficult for him to outgo the present writer in admiration. But when you say that "the poets" (not merely these two) of the present day are unsurpassed in rhythmical beauty, do you not rather discount, or at least tie down beforehand, say, your chapter on "Poetry and Rhythm"? You may wish to be, and try to be, as you ought to be, a judge; but all the time you have got in your pocket an advocate's brief for Mr. Maurice Hewlett and others.

Nor let it be thought for one moment that the special selection of "poets of the present day" is made an objection. One may be very bold and say that *any* special attention to, or rejection of, *any* period of poetry, when allowed to exercise influence in the same way (let us refer to the dictum quoted above about pure Greek and pure mediæval poetry) is likely, if not certain, to produce the same effects of diplopia and amblyopia, and to make a new study of poetry a new failure to "find the whole." Only when you have succeeded in finding and enjoying the poetic moments which are in Hebrew and Greek, in Latin and early Modern-European, in all later Western tongues—and in Eastern, too, as far as translations tell us—will you be at the point of view.

But it may be said "This book does try to do this. It is altogether unfair to shift the adjective from study to poetry." And undoubtedly there is a general object of quest. But will the conception of poetry as "the expression of an intuition" help us much in questing? That it lands us in the old "prose-poetry" quarrel is not fatal; though one may remark that it is odd, after Sir Henry has allowed that a novel is essentially poetry, to find him taking, so far as one has noticed, no example of poetry from novels at all. Let that pass. Is the definition of poetry as the expression of an intuition—even with the addition of "personal" and of some other non-fundamental limitations—satisfactory? No doubt it is the expression of an intuition, or at least ought to be. But is every expression of every intuition poetry? If not, what are the further limitations and *differentiæ*? There are, of course, attempts to answer in the book; but none, that we can see, arrives at a real conclusion—at anything, that is to say, which will tell us how to know poetry when we see it, and how to separate from it what is not poetry.

So here, on the general as on the particular, we are back in the old deserts of doubt and dilemma; and the Legate has only seen one more leader of revolt; and the Dark Tower is not achieved.

OZIAS HUMPHRY.*

UNTIL the famous lawsuit of last year brought him back for a while into the limelight, Ozias Humphry was nowadays practically unknown to all except art dealers, some art critics and those lovers of art who inhabit the inner circle. He did not deserve to be so much forgotten, but better men have shared the same misfortune. So far gone was he that we not only no longer remembered that the large canvas of the two ladies Waldegrave was painted by him but even that the ladies were the two of Waldegrave; and as a painting by Romney of Mrs. Siddons and her sister it was sold at a fabulous price to an American millionaire. For a little time all went well and the millionaire was contented with his bargain. Then somebody convinced him that the picture was not a great work of art because it was not by Romney, and, peace negotiations failing, he brought an action to have the thing taken back by the former owner and his money returned. Distinguished experts, one after another, went into the witness-box and emphatically swore that they knew, from internal evidence, it was an excellent example of Romney's genius; on the other hand, expert after expert swore, from internal evidence, that whoever else might have done it, it was not from the brush of Romney. The fact that the weight of such testimony was strongly in favour of Romney ought to have a chastening effect in modifying the cocksureness of all experts for ever, but of course it will not. The probability is that the millionaire would have lost his case, the picture would have retained its enormous value and gone down to posterity as a famous example of eighteenth century art, but it happened that Dr. Williamson had for some years past been engaged on a monumental study of the life and works of Humphry, and in the course of his researches had come upon Humphry's original and duly initialled sketch for this painting in the archives of the Royal Academy, and the production of that sketch in court put the question beyond dispute; the millionaire won his suit, and the picture being demonstrably not a Romney, there was an immediate slump in its value, for art lovers were then able to recognise all its imperfections.

Ozias Humphry.

From the print after the drawing by George Dance, R.A. From "Life and Wo k of Ozias Humphry" (John Lane).

Yet in his own period Ozias Humphry was a man of importance and of fame; moreover, that he is by no means so far from the kingdom as the easy ridicule of his Waldegrave canvas seemed to imply will be at once obvious to any one who looks into the two hundred and more of his

* "Ozias Humphry, R.A." By George C. Williamson, Litt.D. With numerous illustrations in colour, photogravure and black-and-white. £3 3s. net. (Lane.)

portraits that are beautifully reproduced in Dr. Williamson's portly and handsome volume. "He was one of the ablest miniature painters of the day," says Dr. Williamson, "possessed of an extraordinary ability for taking a likeness, with a charming sense of colour, accurate in draughtsmanship, and skilful in arranging a natural, easy pose, while although his miniatures are not as strong or as forcible in their general characteristics as those of others who were his rivals, yet they are always remarkable for skill in craftsmanship, for dainty grace, and for delicate and pleasing colouring." For any unacquainted with Humphry's work this praise is very amply justified by the miniatures reproduced. He was less successful with his large and ambitious attempts, but as a miniaturist he ranks with the highest. At its best there is character as well as beauty in his work, and this is particularly so in some of the portraits that he left unfinished, for it appears to have been a weakness with him to mar his effects slightly by an overelaboration of detail and background, but none can deny the genius for portraiture that is revealed in his miniatures of Mrs. King, Sir William Lemon, Mrs. Nesbitt, the Duke of Dorset, Warren Hastings, his sketches of Hastings' wife, of Colonel Duff, of John Hoole, of Dr. Johnson, and even one or two of his larger oil paintings.

John Flaxman.
From a miniature by Humphry.
Wellesley Collection.
From "Life and Works of Ozias Humphry" (John Lane).

There is nothing very unusual in the narrative of his career, but one's interest is taken in him, for he was a man of considerable force of character, and his profession brought him in touch with many of the leading and most interesting men and women of his era. He was eminently practical and, one would judge, not imaginative enough either to idealise or to see more of his sitters' characters than appeared on the surface. His first love affair was an amusing comedy of love and money, and did not end happily because he had not both to offer; later, he seems to have had an inclination to marry another lady for money only; but he ended in never winning a wife. Extracts from his correspondence show him to have been shrewd, good-natured, obliging, with a real affection for his mother, who was a sensible, capable business woman engaged in the Honiton lace industry. He had personal dealings with Dr. Johnson, and a letter to his brother contains a striking sketch of his first impressions of the great Panjandram of literature:

"The day after I wrote my last letter to you I was introduced to Mr. Johnson by a friend. We passed through three very dirty rooms to a little one that looked like an old counting-house, where the great man was sitting at his breakfast. The furniture of this room was a very large deal writing desk, an old walnut-tree table, and five ragged chairs of four different sets. I was very much struck with Mr. Johnson's appearance, and could hardly help thinking him a madman for some time, as he sat waving over his breakfast like a lunatic.

"He is a very large man, and was dressed in a dirty brown coat and waistcoat with breeches that were brown also (though they had been crimson) and an old black wig. His shirt collar and sleeves were unbuttoned, his stockings were down about his feet, which had on them, by way of slippers, an old pair of shoes. He had not been up long when we called on him, which was near one o'clock, he seldom goes to bed till near two in the morning, and Mr. Reynolds tells me he generally drinks tea about an hour after he has supped. We had been some time with him before he began to talk, but at length he began, and, faith! to some purpose! everything he says is as correct as a second edition, and 'tis almost impossible to argue with him, he is so sententious and so knowing."

He goes on to give something of their conversation, in the course of which Johnson scornfully defended Joshua Reynolds from a suggestion that he was probably not pleased to be overlooked by the Court. "Not at all," said Johnson. . . . "When he was younger he believed it would be agreeable, but now he does not want their favour. . . . It is no reflection on Mr. Reynolds not to be employed by them, but it will be a reflection for ever on the Court not to have employed him."

Reynolds had been one of Humphry's early friends and mentors; in turn, Sir Thomas Lawrence owned his indebtedness to Humphry and called himself one of his pupils. Cosway, Flaxman, Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar), Romney and Blake were also among his friends; he seems to have had a genuine admiration for Blake's work as a painter and was the means of helping him to commissions. But he was not the sort of man to retain many friends; he was temperamentally better qualified for losing than for finding them. "Humphry was never at a loss for words in which to praise his own work"; but in that he was no worse than Blake himself, or Whistler, or many another. "He was quite aware of the genius he possessed," says Dr. Williamson, "and had been a little spoiled by the praise which he had received so early in his career and by the way in which Reynolds had made a fuss over him when he first came to town. Indeed, he showed in very early days signs of self-conceit which were eventually seriously detrimental to his career, and he also possessed a very quick temper and love of argument, and had a hasty resentment of any implied slight."

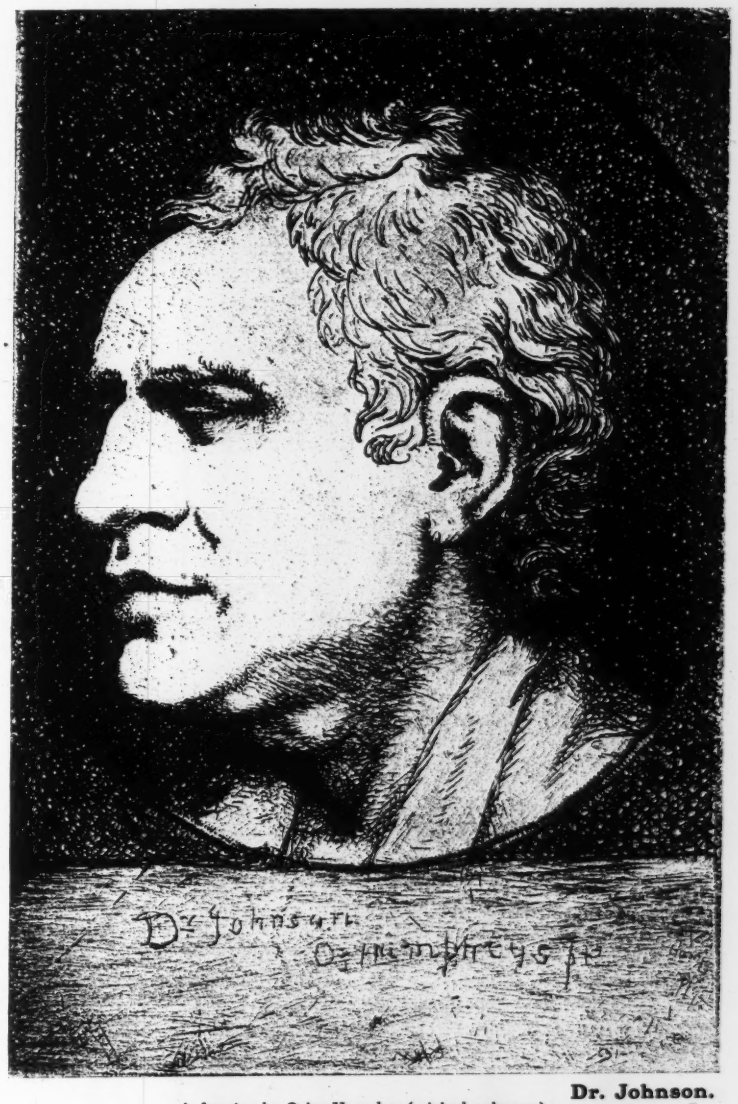
Mary (Polly) Wilkes,
Daughter of John Wilkes.
From a miniature by Ozias Humphry.
Collection of J. P. Morgan.
Photo Halty.
From "Life and Works of Ozias Humphry" (John Lane).

All which made him an uncomfortable and sometimes a troublesome acquaintance, but are

things a biographer may be thankful for since they enable him to get more movement and colour into his book than would be possible if he were telling the story of a modester and more equable spirit. It is to be granted, also, that there is enough of excellence in Humphry's miniatures and drawings to justify a reasonably good opinion of himself, and that he was frequently prompted to that opinion by the extravagant laudations of some of his contemporaries. When he returned from Italy in 1777 he was hailed by Peter Pindar (and though Peter has dwindled now to a nobody he walked in glory then) with some verses that rise to this ecstatic close:

"Let rapt Italia boast
a Guido's name,
Correggio's, Titian's
art with wonder
see,
To Britain Fortune
grants a loftier
fame,
And blends the excellence of All in Thee"—

which was none the less flattering for being an adaptation of Dryden's glorious tribute to Milton. At the last, Humphry would seem to have had doubts, for just before he died he said to his nephew, "As soon as I am dead, go to Jack Taylor at the *Sun* office in the Strand, and he will not let me drop into the grave without saying something kind in my memory."



Dr. Johnson.

A drawing by Ozias Humphry (original unknown).
From the rare etching by Mr. D. Turner.
From "Life and Works of Ozias Humphry" (John Lane).

But his expectations were only partly realised, for though Taylor did not forget the genial and generous side of his character, he faithfully registered Humphry's follies and his weaknesses, including the fact that he was "a little too fond of interlarding his conversation with accounts of his connection with nobility, and seemed to think nothing worth recording that was of plebeian origin."

We congratulate Dr. Williamson on rescuing from comparative oblivion a man who is, at any rate, worth remembering, and on finding among the dust of forgotten things material for so full and interesting a biography. He has done his work admirably, and with a most conscientious thoroughness. A series of fifteen appendices give the amplest possible lists of the artist's works, details concerning his books and notes about the people who sat to him. If Humphry could revisit the glimpses of the moon and look upon this stately and beautifully produced volume devoted to his life and achievements, he might well be excused if he retired again into the shades convinced that the good conceit he had of himself here below was triumphantly vindicated at last.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1918.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

WAR TIME NOTICE.—*The subjects of four of these competitions are the same every month, and to meet the convenience of competitors who live at a distance and, nowadays, cannot always obtain their copies of* THE BOOKMAN *punctually, we shall announce in each Number the subject of the fifth (i.e. No. 3 Competition) both for the current month and the month following, as below.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best essay in not more than a hundred and fifty words on Pleasures I Can Have for Nothing.

(The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best topical parody on any well-known Fairy Tale in not more than a hundred and fifty words.)

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I.—The PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Rachel Swete Macnamara, of Raffeen, New Milton, Hants, and Mrs. Carlisle, of 22, St. Petersburgh Place, London, W.2, for the following:

ARAN LOVE-SONG.

Listen awhile, agra, before I let you go!
Never a soul to hear but the gulls with breasts of snow—
Over the sea in the morning, but back to the rocks by night,
Just as my love comes back to yourself, my heart's delight!
Listen awhile, agra!

Listen awhile, agra, before I let you go!
Desolate, bleak and grey are the rocks and the sea below,
But down in the long black cracks the delicate fern grows green,
Just as my love lies hid that only yourself has seen!
Listen awhile, agra!

Listen awhile, agra, before I let you go!
Often the mist comes down, but the isle is there, you know—
There, tho' the fisher seems to lose it from the sea,
Just as my love for you is always there, machree!
Listen awhile, agra!

RACHEL SWETE MACNAMARA.

A LETTER FROM FRANCE.

"Green grows the grass," they say, my dear,
"Where you are laid to rest"—
I wonder if at head and feet
The alien flowers blow fair and sweet?
And little breezes kiss and meet—
Where you are laid to rest?

"Christ's Cross alone," they say, my dear—
"Where you are laid to rest"—
I wonder if our souls can share?
And if this cross I have to bear,
Is lighter for the cross out there
Where you are laid to rest?

"Soft Silence falls," they say, my dear,
"Where you are laid to rest"—
I wonder if, though far away
From this poor heart, which breaks to-day,
One little sigh may go—and stay—
Where you are laid to rest?

MRS. CARLISLE.

We also select for printing:

A FAREWELL.

What can I give to him who holds my heart
For ever in his keeping, come what will—
What can I send into the fields of death
To keep him from all ill?

Beloved, take my love, that it may be
As fragrant lilies, compassing your way,
Lighting the gloom, and whispering of peace
At no far distant day.

Beloved, take my prayers, to be your shield
When you go forth into the bitter fight;
For I cease not importuning high Heav'n
To guard my peerless knight.

Beloved, take my life, that waits for you
To crown it with your priceless gift of Love
If in God's mercy you come back to me,
If not—why then, above.

("Phalia," London, W.)

PARTING.

Is it a little thing
That I must go
While your arms cling
Around me so?

Is it a little pain
To bid "Farewell"?
When we shall meet again
I cannot tell.

Is Love a little fire
That soon will die,
A brief desire,
A kiss, a sigh?

And are these little gleams
To light my loss,
That Time and Space are streams
My love can cross?

Love heals the wound it made;
Partings and pains,
Absence and Grief will fade,
But Love remains.

(2nd Lieut. G. N. Goodman, 1st Garr. Bn., Somerset L.I., Rawalpindi, India.)

ALMOND BLOSSOM.

When God first thought of butterflies
He smiled, and tossed the fancy down
Among the waiting souls of babes
Who lay upon the floor of Heav'n
Playing with Mary's Crown.

They caught the thought and kissed it, soft;
Then carried it to Mary's knee,
And blew it high with laughing lips,
Wafted it to her Mother-breast
Where, as she bent to see,

The thought took warmth of human love,
Took memory of bitter-sweet. . . .
And floated free of eager hands
Through rose of Dawn, down to Earth's mist
To rest on Spring's bare feet.

(Muriel I. Baker, 94, Hampstead Way, Golder's Green, N.W.4.)

Several poems that arrived much too late for our Special Prize Competition for soldiers, sailors, etc. (results of which were given in our May Number), have been included in this month's Lyric Competition. We specially commend the lyrics by Mrs. M. I. K. Carruthers (Oxford), Mary C. Mair (Hampstead), May Herschel-Clarke (Woolwich), Alice W. Linford (London, N.), A. G. McClellan (Edinburgh), E. G. Twitchett (Forest Gate), Margaret Ormiston Curle (London, S.W.), V. V Mathews (London, W.), Sergeant Martin Hill (France), Phyllis Marks (London, N.W.), Noëlle Ffrench (Mount Talbot), Zoë Provis (Waimato, N.Z.), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Honor Drury (Streatham), W. E. Penuick (Devonport), Ivan Adair (Dublin), A. Sedgwick Barnard (Prestwich), Alie May Scrymegour (Newport-on-Tay), Irene Wintle (Portland), Brenda Bernex-Ficklin (Washford), Reginald Gray (Darlington), K. (Catford), T. G. Wilkinson (Lutterworth), Ben Ami Abrahamson (Manchester), F. C. Loveday (Woodford Wells), V. Heckstall Smith (Carisbrooke), Joyce O'Dwyer (Birmingham), K. M. Prince (Brighton), Isabel T. Gogarty (Forest Gate), A. C. Nugée (Pershore), M. L. B. (Huddersfield), W. Rentall-Read (Eastbourne), W. M. Fleming (London, W.C.), P. Whitehouse (Belsize Park), E. B. Manning (Penzance), Mrs. N. Heard (Parkstone), R. T. O. (Wanstead), Agnes Short (Kensington), M. H. Davey (Hemel Hempstead), Dolly Payne (Newby), Editha Jenkinson (Harrogate), Enid D. Woolbright (Chelsea), J. C. A. (Glasgow), Margaret McIntyre (Findon), Kathleen Mounsey (South Croydon), W. K. Smith (Enfield), M. L. Gledstone (South Croydon), Nora Harding (Lowestoft), Ena D. Reynolds (Newport), Private L. D. Cosgrove (Lee), Christine Chaundler (Biggleswade), J. Smith (Batley), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), Mrs. Arthur Groom (Palmer's Green), Edith E. Hammond (Edinburgh), Private H. Baxter (Caister), Faith Hearn (Christchurch), Beatrice Skilton (Forest Gate), Anna Walker (Sleight), Margaret Brown (Calne), Doreen Dillon (Catford), Maud Sutherland (Bromley), Doris Westwood (Sutton Coldfield), Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool), Margaret Brooking (Gloucester), J. L. Carr (Leamington Spa), Pryce Roberts (Cardiff), Florence M. Ward (Birmingham), Emilia Berrington (Bournemouth), Fredk. J. Mathias (Cardiff), Ruth B. Robinson (Hunstanton), Margaret Bardwell (Kingston), L.-Corporal H. C. Smith (Canterbury), Anna G. Lang (Cardiff), M. B. (Stowmarket), C. Pendlebury (Stockport), May Cross (Gillingham), Lila C. Buchanan (Edinburgh), E. Legat (Sandgate), Audrey Haggard (Liss), Eva Mayo (Coventry), Beatrice R. Hillyard (Exeter), A. E. M. Bayliss (Stroud), W. Graham Waugh (Stirling), Elsie M. French (Bristol), Corporal C. W. Kent (Redcar), Vera Hill (Kensington).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to the Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, of 33, Hartfield Road, Eastbourne, for the following:

THE POSITION OF PEGGY HARPER.
BY LEONARD MERRICK. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
"She was sitting, you see, on Amos's knee."
F. LANGBRIDGE, *Amos Dunn's Vooing.*

We also select for printing:

GLANCES BACK. BY GEORGE R. SIMS. (Jarrold.)
"Her eye discourses: I will answer it."
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Scene 2.*

(Miss L. Wilson, 11, Lyme Regis Road, Banstead, Surrey.)

PROBLEMS OF RECONSTRUCTION. (Fisher Unwin.)
"Not all the king's horses nor all the king's men
Could put Humpty Dumpty together again."
Nursery Rhyme.

(Mrs. Annie Browning, Strathcona, St. John's, Cheltenham; and Mrs. Barnes Graham, Southern Lodge, St. Andrews, Fife.)

IMPOSSIBLE PEOPLE. BY MRS. G. WEMYSS. (Constable.)
"Men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello, Act I., Scene 3.*

(Miss Robinson, 3, Penn Lea Road, Weston, Bath.)

MIND AND MANNERS. (Simpkin, Marshall.)
"We've grammar and spelling for two,
And birth and position for twenty."
W. S. GILBERT, *Iolanthe.*

(Theodore D. Lowe, 11, Stevenson Drive, Langside, Glasgow.)

John Hoole,
Translator of Tasso and Ariosto.
Study for a portrait by Humphry.
(Collection of Mr. Francis Wellesley).
From "Life and Works of Ozias Humphry" (John Lane).

I.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best essay on What I Think of Standard Boots is awarded to Private F. G. Mitchell, 1134, Rest Camp, Dublin, for the following:

WHAT I THINK OF STANDARD BOOTS.

My thoughts on Standard Boots are perhaps rather biased, being influenced by the usual Quartermaster methods of fitting the Army type, and painful impressions gained on long route-marches. Hence my very grave doubts of the practicability of similar boots for Miss Vigour, the walking champion, and Miss Flighty who may be quite the reverse. Nor yet again can I imagine Mr. Teller of "The City and Suburban" in boots similar to Mr. William Smith of "The Drainage Scheme." The difficulty with Standard Boots is the unfortunate absence of Standard feet.

This Competition has proved extraordinarily popular, and several other replies are very good. We specially commend the essays by Ivy Wilson Maxwell (Ramsey, I. of M.), Olive Scholes (Oldham), M. D. Groarke (Rochdale), V. V. Mathews (London, W.), S. A. Griffiths (Ferndale), Edward H. Forster (Doncaster), Amaryllis (Bournemouth), D. Hare (Bath), H. F. Leeke (Fwyle), Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool), E. J. Corke (Halifax), B. Hawkins (Stockbridge), W. F. Crossland (Sheffield), M. E. Rotton (London, N.W.), T. F. Brogden (Scarborough), Alfred J. Owens (Braintree), Mrs. S. K. Vesey (Glenfarg), M. M. Boone (Putney), E. B. (Pentre), P. Allott (Sheppey), C. Dawson (Llandudno), A. M. Basham (Bassaleg), Kathleen Goyne (West Green), L.-Corporal T. W. Morden (Seaford), A. Racer (London, S.E.), S. M. Isaacson (Campden Hill), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Katherine J. Wood (Birmingham), E. A. Pearson (Fleet).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Elsie M. Meredith, of 4, Queen Anne's, Bideford, Devon, for the following:

IMPOSSIBLE PEOPLE. By Mrs. GEORGE WEMYSS. (Constable.)

This story has the whimsical humour and sympathetic insight of one who, having studied human nature, knows that to understand is to forgive, and knows also how to instil into her readers her own kindly, generous spirit. Even Hope, ungrateful and shallow as she is, rouses no anger, but only pity for her shortcomings; while John and Joanna his wife, unpractical in all save their religion, which has for its key-note Love, are themselves so lovable as to make us feel that a world full of such "Impossible People" would be a finer and better place to live in.

We also select for printing:

THE NEW BOOK OF MARTYRS. By GEORGES DUHAMEL. (Heinemann.)

In this beautifully tragic book a French surgeon unveils the soul of the wounded soldier. Despite its stark realism, its ugly detail of environment and suffering, this work, with its simple pathos and reverence, has undeniable charm. "The Death of Mercier" is the masterpiece of this epic of pain in a hundred new and grotesque forms. "I saw his corpse weep. . . . From those dead eyes great tears ooze slowly . . . as if to weep throughout eternity." Such poignant simplicity will touch even war-hardened hearts and "give us pause"—it is the corpse of Europe which will "weep throughout eternity."

(Sidney S. Wright, 12, Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent.)

PROSE PAPERS. By JOHN DRINKWATER. (Elkin Mathews.)

Mr. Drinkwater looks to art as the only basis of a reformed civilisation. His suggestion of a peaceful Europe governed by artists may sound rather comic to most of us, but it is characteristic of his insistence on art as being closely related to life, and on poetry as being the only remedy for the "spiritual lethargy" at the root of all injustice. Here there is no straining after effect, only the distilled essence of concentrated thought in its simplest expression. Whether his ideas appear midsummer madness or inspired truth, one cannot deny the pure, severe beauty of his style.

(Miss J. Sturges, Walton-by-Clevedon, Somerset.)

We also select for special commendation the reviews by G. E. Wakerley (West Bridgford), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), H. W. Mottram (London, W.), Corporal G. R. Harvey (B.E.F., France), William H. C. Matthew (Edinburgh), Frances M. N. Tall (Harrogate), Gunner Kane, S.A. (Edinburgh), Constance Slater (Birmingham), B. C. Hardy (Putney), Ethel Webster (Bristol), M. J. Dobie (Mouldsworth), C. Burton (Upper Norwood), Arthur Davidson (Glasgow), Helen M. Jordan (Cheltenham), E. M. Peet (Manchester), M. Duxbury (Blackburn), Alfred Green Harewood (Skipton), Isabel T. Gogarty (Forest Gate), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), M. A. Newman (Brighton), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), Mary Gales (Blackheath), N. Sheridan (Bromborough), Dora E. Kennedy (Edinburgh), William Saunders (Edinburgh), M. Rourke (Manchester), D. Hare (Bath), Evelina San Garde (Accrington), Frederick Willmer (Ramsey).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss E. Scott Hopper, 25, The Crescent, Whitley Bay, Northumberland.

New Books.

SWINBURNE AND LANDOR.*

That Swinburne was wont to assign to the author of "Gebir" and "Imaginary Conversations" exalted rank among the greatest of writers and best of men, should be well known to any one who is interested in the works and days of either of them. The younger poet's enthusiastic admiration of Walter Savage Landor found frequent utterance both in verse and prose. The "Hellenics" had enthralled him when he was a boy of twelve. In the spring of 1864 he went to Florence to offer personal homage to the "old demi-god with the head and heart of a lion"—then in his ninetieth year, and within a few paces of the grave—who had penned those exquisite idylls. Nor till Swinburne himself drew near to the river we must all cross was evidence ever wanting of his unaltered allegiance to what, in the dedication of "Atalanta in Calydon," he had declared to be the highest of contemporary names. Forty-five years after his Florentine pilgrimage, and only a few weeks before his last illness, he was thanking me profusely for a "much valued gift," a little volume of reminiscences printed for her friends by Rose Aylmer's niece, and at the same time he told me the right version to his mind of a disputable line in Landor's elegy.

But while it is an easy task to demonstrate the general tone of Swinburne's regard for Landor, the degree to which that feeling affected his views of life and art, politics and morals, cannot be so quickly determined. Merely to hunt up parallel passages and such-like coincidences will not suffice. Landor, though he rather prided himself on his dexterity in such investigation, would have been the first to deny that they serve to show the influence exerted by one man of letters on another. Dr. Henderson wisely adopts the plan of tracing the growth of Swinburne's mind and inquiring at each successive stage what

* "Swinburne and Landor: A Study of Their Spiritual Relationship and Its Effect on Swinburne's Moral and Poetic Development." By W. Brooks Drayton Henderson. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

the impulse was, whether received from Landor or from others, which would chiefly account sometimes for an altered attitude to problems of the universe, but more often, perhaps, for a firmer faith in early and even juvenile inclinations and ideals. The result arrived at may be briefly summed up very much in the author's own words. Swinburne, he maintains, was "in agreement with practically every tenet of Landor's philosophy." He realised in Landor the ideal achievement of his own type. The two men stand together, individualists each in his own way; averse from the multitude yet defenders of popular freedom. We are asked to see in "The Queen Mother" the first fruit of Swinburne's devotion to Landor; a passionate love of liberty and contempt for tyrants. In "Poems and Ballads," and yet more certainly in "Atalanta," may be seen how Landor stimulated his disciple to manlier song. When the erotic theme began to pall, and Swinburne was in quest of an ideal that would redeem and release him from the bondage of oppressive love, his spiritual relationship with Landor "seems to have been one of the paths to its discovery."

On such lines and to this conclusion Dr. Henderson elaborates his theme with an insight and sympathy which are certain to win attention. At the same time a suspicion may arise that Landor's works are not so well known to him as Swinburne's manifestly are. He suggests that Landor's "Hellenics" may have acted as an incentive to the composition of erotica in the "Poems and Ballads." Whatever the phrase may imply so far as Swinburne is concerned, no one who has read the "Hellenics" would endorse the insinuation that "The Hamadryad," "Coresus and Callirhoe," and the rest are spiced with something not quite suited for the young and innocent. But what is yet more amazing is the explicit statement that among Greek writers, Landor singles out Æschylus for his most assured and complete devotion; with the added inference—"so it is not with the highest that he allies himself; not with Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton." Nowhere has Landor placed Æschylus above or even on a level with Homer; while as for the remainder of the indictment, a single passage in which he speaks in his own person will expose its remoteness from fact:

"There are four pieces of epic poetry far transcendent above all others; and I will mention them in the order of dates: the colloquy of Achilles and Priam in the 'Iliad,' the contention of Ulysses and Ajax in the 'Metamorphoses,' the first book of 'Paradise Lost,' and the battle in 'Marmion.' But there are single acts in Shakespeare worth all these put together."

And elsewhere of Shakespeare, speaking again for himself, he says: "whose poems are worth all that have been composed from the creation to the present hour." Of the glorious Ghibelline he wrote: "Only think that I am suspected of undervaluing Dante! . . . Never was man, excepting Shakespeare alone, so intensely a poet."

One or two small errors may be noted. It is disconcerting to be told that "Fra Rupert" is a part of Landor's trilogy on Ippolita d'Este. "Ippolito (not Ippolita) di Este" is the title given to fragments of a tragedy, the bulk of which Landor destroyed in his wrath; and the scene is laid in Ferrara, in or about 1505, some fifteen years before Cardinal Ippolito's death. Fra Rupert, called by Petrarch Fra Roberto, flourished infamously at the court of Queen Giovanna. "God defend us," said Landor, "from the horrid sound, Joan of Naples." The trilogy, therefore, of "Andrea of Hungary," "Giovanna" and "Fra Rupert," belongs to the fourteenth century, and has nothing to do with the story of Ippolito di Este. Again, in the first chapter, Dr. Henderson quotes a verse from one of Landor's shorter poems, and would have us accept it at its face value as proving him "temperamentally a classic." That is not a felicitous phrase, but what is certainly misleading is the remark that the poem in question is among the miscellanies of 1846, Landor's seventy-first year. Dr. Henderson forgets that it may also be found in Forster's "Biography" of Landor, where it is assigned to the first years of his first residence in Italy; that is, to some time between 1815 and 1821. Nor is it correct to cite the Epistle to Louis Napoleon, printed in "Dry Sticks" (1858) as evidence that, about the time when that unlucky volume came out, Landor was relenting a little from his earlier denunciation of the Emperor. The Epistle was written in 1855, and first appeared in the columns of the *Examiner* in May of that year.

STEPHEN WHEELER.

THREE POETS.*

There is in the new American Army, and already on this side of the Atlantic, at least one poet worthy, as I think, to be named with our own Rupert Brooke and Robert Nichols. Mr. Lawrence Mason, a professor of English at Yale, who in his friend's absence has seen his book, "Tower of Ivory," through the press, is anxious lest Archibald MacLeish's work should be judged merely on its superficial merits: he fears "that the casual reader might, unless forewarned, read these poems for their lilt and melodic charm alone without ever penetrating beneath their surface." Such an apprehension is surely groundless. He would be a very casual reader indeed who should justify it. It did not need Mr. Mason's preface to make us aware that Mr. MacLeish is one of those, so frequent in his generation, who have reacted from the old material and intellectual view of life towards a "predominating idealistic conception, that against all the riddles of endless speculation and brutal experience, there is an impregnable tower of refuge into which man may enter, in the spirit, and find there the true values and eternal verities which alone can make him victorious over the world." This idealism appears everywhere in Mr. MacLeish's poems; very explicitly, for instance, in "My Body and I," when to the body's question as to how the poet will get on without it, the poet replies:

"I'll lie long summers under
And dream you again."

Body, that is, is subordinate to and conditioned by spirit.

So in "Our Lady of Troy," a one-act Faust play, when the arrogant scholar has called up Helen by the sheer power of his mind, the vision confounds him and his admiring fellows by breaking into speech and proclaiming herself the eternal beauty, the world's insatiable desire; a speech which must be quoted, at least in part, as a fine example of the poetic charm of which Mr. Mason speaks, a charm which certainly does not conceal the underlying idea, but rather reveals it, and is indeed interfused with and inseparable from it:

"I am the pain of young men memorous
Of beauty that they never knew, and loss
They never suffered. I am love that flames
Sometimes at twilight when forlorn sweet names
Of beautiful dead women make a tune
Like lost Sirenicas. I am the fire
Your passion builded, shadow of your hearts,
A fallen leaf of dusk the riding moon
Of your adoring shakes upon the grass.
Lo! I am she ye seek in every maid
Ye love and leave again. I am desire
Of woman that no man may slake in woman.
This thing am I—a rose the world has dreamed."

Admirable in itself, this is admirably contrasted with the virile Gothic speech, reminiscent of Browning, which is put in the mouth of the German students.

"Tower of Ivory" is full of such haunting music. It is a great pleasure to find such love of beauty in modern poetry, where one is becoming sadly accustomed to look rather for the merely strange or for a hectic and question-begging pursuit of Truth. A perfect piece of Parnassian artistry is "A Sampler."

"She stitches quaint embroideries
My lady of white hands,
With fishes from the China seas
And beasts from foreign lands. . . ."

* "Tower of Ivory." By Archibald MacLeish. 4s. 6d. net. (Milford.)—"Reed Voices." By James B. Kenyon. $1.25c. (New York: James T. White & Co.).—"Waith and Wrack." By Duncan J. Robertson. 5s. net. (Longmans.)

Equally tuneful, and with the predominant idea fully developed in it, is "Realities":

"The people of the earth go down,
Each with his wealth of dream. . . ."

But I must find room for one of Mr. MacLeish's fine war sonnets. I choose "Morituri":

"Not as Ulysses, overwise with age,
Shall we sail out beyond the westward gate
Into the unknown seas. Not destinate,
And weary of man's seeking, and the mage
Of subtle-changing earth and that vast sky
Where wonder walks, shall we sail curious
To do the last adventure. Oh, not thus,
Not satisfied with living, shall we die.
But we shall meet Death running, with our lips
Still glad of the morning; and with widening eyes
Still thirsty for the light, we shall surprise
The secret under that old hooded Fear,
And touch that face with eager finger-tips,
And find but change, who crowns with youth the year."

No such distinction as this belongs to the verse of Mr. James B. Kenyon, another American poet, who, however, expresses familiar ideas in a pleasant and accomplished way. For the sake of its brevity, I quote this characteristic quatrain:

"Find thine own voice and utter thine own heart;
Be thine own prophet of the misty years;
Be more of nature thine and less of art;
Keep sweet the fount of laughter and of tears."

Mr. Kenyon puts his own precept into practice.

Mr. Kenyon has published several volumes. "Waith and Wrack" is apparently its author's first. But Mr. Duncan Robertson has been writing poetry for thirty years, and his work seems, on the whole, to belong to the later nineteenth century rather than to the twentieth. There are notes in it that remind one of Swinburne, of Henley, and of Kipling. None the less is it individual and authentic. Mr. Robertson's supreme virtue, a virtue natural to a native of the Orkneys, is the rare power—the power which made Longfellow, for all his banalities, a poet—of recreating the greyness, the eternal music, and the fitful lights of the sea. Those who care for the combination of clear-cut virility with a sense of the infinite—those, that is, who care for what is most characteristic in our literature, should read "Waith and Wrack."

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE BLUE GERM.*

Martin Swayne is best known to novel readers, I suppose, for the delightful farce of "Lord Richard in the Pantry" and the humour and social satire of "The Sporting Instinct," but if you are acquainted with his short stories you will know that he is also a cunning artist in tales of the bizarre, the occult, the eerily mysterious. The theme of his new novel, "The Blue Germ," is as bizarre as any he has handled; it has touches of grimness, and shows a quick sense of the humorous side of certain of its serious or sensational situations; but in the main the narrative is unfolded with a matter-of-fact gravity and attention to detail that give a curious air of plausibility, of reality to its extraordinary developments.

It is the story of how two scientists, an Englishman and a Russian, discover a germ which will destroy all other germs and render the human race immune from death, except by violence. Every stage of the discovery is faithfully recorded. Says Sarakoff, the Russian, at the end of the third chapter:

"I have only one step further to take and the ideal germ will be created, Harden. Then we poor mortals will realise the dream that has haunted us since the beginning of time. We will attain immortality, and the fear of death, round which everything is built, will vanish. We will become gods!"

When that one further step has been taken, they are so convinced of the efficacy and beneficence of their discovery that instead of wasting time in trying to convert the world at large to a belief in it, they go privately and empty six tubes full of the germ into the great aqueduct of the Birmingham water-supply, then return to London to await results. The results are all they had expected, and something more, and the something more is neither necessary nor desirable. As soon as the people of Birmingham have imbibed immortality, the germ gets into the air and spreads rapidly like an epidemic all over the British Isles, and farther. But though it eradicates other diseases, and appears to confer immortality upon whomsoever it attacks, it produces disquieting and unlooked for effects on the personal appearance of its victims. Their skins take on a marble-like hue, and the whites of their eyes change to a startlingly vivid blue. This might have been tolerated as a small price to pay for endless life on earth, but the gift entails other and much more unpleasant consequences—consequences so far-reaching and so devastating to human happiness that the boon is seen to be no blessing but a curse in disguise, and the discoverers at length go in danger of a violent death at the hands of a mob infuriated at having eternal existence forced upon them under conditions that set children against their parents, students, clerks and other inferiors at enmity towards professors, managers and other superiors who will never pass and leave the upper places vacant for them. Moreover, with more time at their disposal than they can ever use, people grow lethargic, their energies are sapped; since there is more than plenty of leisure for everything nothing gets done, and it looks as if the whole social order would fall to pieces and the world give itself over to contemplation and drift into idle dreamings.

It is an unusual and an unusually interesting story—strongly imagined and alive with movement and drama. The author handles his subject with a scientific knowledge and a narrative skill that make phenomena and extraordinary events seem not only probable but natural and almost ordinary. He subdues the creatures of his fantasy till they are in all their words and acts convincingly human. "The Blue Germ" is undeniably clever, and I found it immensely entertaining.

ARTHUR RUTLAND.

* "The Blue Germ." By Martin Swayne. 5s. net. Hodder and Stoughton.)

THE INDIAN CORPS IN FRANCE.*

It is possible that the British public has now almost forgotten that a Corps of the Indian Army was rushed to France in September, 1914, that it fought and died in Flanders during more than a year ere its survivors were transported to fight the battles of the Empire in a clime more congenial to the native troops, that—in the words of Lord Curzon, quoting Lord French—it arrived on those Flemish battlefields "in the nick of time." For such of the general public as do remember, this heroic Corps has suffered in its reputation from the exaggerated expectations which were fostered at the time of its arrival in Europe by a Press which had certainly received a hint to paint everything *couleur de rose*. The most wonderful legends of corporate numbers and individual prowess of the Indian troops were published by editors who, if they printed in good faith, were incredibly ignorant. And then after the long, long months of torment when they had stood and died in a breach which the enemy could not force, when they had fulfilled their mission, and the divisions of the New Army were on the scene to take their place, the Indian Corps silently left France amid whispers that the Indian troops had "failed."

The first division of the Indian Corps arrived at Marseilles on September 26th, 1914, at a time when only the original first six divisions were in France, and the famous Seventh was on the point of leaving these shores for its tragic adventure in Belgium. The second Indian division arrived on October 11th, 1914. By the end of that month both these divisions had re-armed themselves, had picked up the miserable quota of heavy

* "The Indian Corps in France." By Lt.-Col. J. W. B. Merewether, C.I.E., and the Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Smith. 10s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

artillery allotted them, had completely organised their transport and supply services from the beginning, and were in action at the front—while the Lahore Division had already suffered heavy casualties in assisting to defend the Messines Ridge and in an attempt to retake Neuve Chapelle. Those were the days when every rifle, whether wielded by infantry or cavalry, was in the trenches for weeks at a stretch; when the defenders knew that behind the wide-spaced line in those trenches was nothing to support them if the attack broke through; when those trenches were mere water-logged ditches without cover of any kind, and without communications; when there were no bombs, no trench-mortars, no trench-equipment worth mentioning to oppose to the ample supply of the enemy; when the field artillery had to count jealously each shell it fired, and the heavy artillery was almost non-existent. In these conditions, throughout a dreadful winter of Flanders rain and Flanders mud, the two divisions, numbering at the outset only 24,000 men altogether, suffering—native and British troops alike—from this transition from the heats of India to the misery of those trenches, hung on to the line from the Bethune–La Bassée road to Neuve Chapelle. Then, when later on the authorities thought they had a chance of breaking the enemy's line, none did better than the Indian Corps at the battle of Neuve Chapelle on March 10th. It was not the fault of this Corps that Lille was not taken on that occasion. Again, in the ghastly failure of May 9th, 1915, when the attempt was renewed, none died more heroically than they. In the meantime the Lahore Division had suffered cruel losses in the gas-battle of Ypres in April, when it was rushed up to stem the tide. Finally, the Meerut Division was thoroughly crippled in the subsidiary attack for the battle of Loos on September 25th—an attack in which, though the reasons may not be here stated, it had but the slenderest chance of success. Finally, in November, the two divisions were withdrawn and sent to Mesopotamia. Such is, briefly, the record of the Corps in France, a record purchased with appalling casualties—34,252 in a force which was only 24,000 strong on landing, and could never afterwards be kept up to that total.

The volume in which Lieutenant-Colonel Merewether and Sir F. E. Smith tell the magnificent and terrible story of the Flanders Thermopylæ, where those Indian soldiers and their British comrades died unflinchingly in an equally loyal defence of the Empire, is no critical history of the military operations from which the future student can derive much profit. It is a semi-official record, under the auspices of the India Office, of the day-to-day doings of the Corps, with all the reticences—and survivors of the Corps will note many—inseparable from such patronage. But for all that it is a precious record of the achievements of individual regiments and individual officers and soldiers as well as of the collective heroism of the Corps, which is a valuable contribution to the history of the war. The various actions of the Corps are narrated in minute detail—so much so, indeed, that often one can scarcely see the wood for the trees—and with the most careful accuracy. Contentious matters, like the sudden retirement of General Sir James Willcocks—a deplorable business which deprived the Empire of one of its finest soldiers—are, of course, mentioned with all reserve. Sir James Willcocks himself, when the time is fit, will throw a flood of light on these things, if, as the authors state, he is writing his reminiscences.

If a vindication of this book were necessary, the words of Lord Curzon's Introduction could not be bettered: "That this record should have been compiled seems entirely right and just. That it will stand forth as one of the most radiant chapters in the glorious history of the Indian Army is certain. That it will act as a stimulus to the martial spirit and loyalty of India for generations to come cannot be doubted. Nor will it be less a source of congratulation to its readers, that the Indian Army will, in more ways than one, receive a well-earned recognition of its great achievement."

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN.

Wrapper Design

for "The Double Traitor," a brilliant novel of the German Secret Service, by Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, which has been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

TWO GOOD BOOKS AND A CONTINUATION.

The professional critic of experience can usually give in a few words a fuller impression of the contents of a six shilling novel, and a better idea of what it all means and why, than the general reader can give in the way of a mere outline of the plot, after hours of pitiful striving. And this is intended as no sort of reflection on the intelligence of the general reader. As a rule it will be found that the subsequently repentant of those critics who find themselves in a huge minority are as only one in a hundred among those who callously assume that they need no repentance.

It is so much more fatally easy to say, "Frightful tosh!" "Blinking fine!" or "Not half bad stuff!" than to formulate a definite opinion on definite points and at the same time make your criticism interesting even to those who have not read and do not intend to read the book criticised. And that is just my attitude to all who shall do me the honour to read this present article written in haste.

Here are three considerable books, all of which must have taken a great deal of pains and labour to create, and none of which is easy to read. Though all alike in their several ways are delightful to read. They are all books well worth reading, that you will probably read a second time or even a third time, and afterwards want to keep them, remember them, dip into them, and perchance—who knows?—read them many times more.

Now all books of this sort, to be read at all, must be read thoroughly, every word of them from title-page to colophon. To leap or skip is to lose a great deal of them; it may be to lose all.

For example, this first book on my list of literary delights[1] is, in a literal sense, immensely long and yet comprises so short a story that it might be told in a bald way in a few minutes. But told in that way it would lose all its power and beauty, poignancy and strength. It would lose the fineness and subtlety of its close-pent psychology as well as the splendour of its passion and the exquisite delicacy of its wit and humour. And its wit and humour I would particularly commend, despite the wilting of that joyous spirit to something akin to cynicism toward the end of the book, because all these perhaps lesser things

[1] "Men and Ghosts." By Allan Monkhouse. 6s. net. (Collins.)

might possibly be overlooked in the fervour aroused in the reader by the abounding effects of sheer genius in this writer which are beyond the bounds of mere mortal praise.

This book is bound to be, in a sense, caviare to the general, but to those who feel and realise the godhead in human nature, it will be for ever an abiding treasure.

The next book to be dealt with[2] is essentially commonplace, but hardly less unconventional. It contains an assortment of all sorts of impossible people. And yet there does not seem to be a dummy in it. It has an original, well-conceived, well-wrought plot, and yet its plot somehow fails of its charm. We are all the time infinitely more concerned with the sayings and doings of one Farthing and another named just William, both humorists of the very first water, than with the secret memories and machinations of Mr. Overberg, the eccentricities of Mr. Heron's latter-day moods or the mystery of his past. This, however, is only to touch on the two minor qualities of the book: its elements of melodrama and farce, and to compare them with its more outstanding qualities of the haphazard romanticism of commonplace lives, and again its unmistakable Dickensian realism in its inimitable picturing of the London streets of forty or fifty years ago. Its wild adventures in that old forgotten Bohemianism, its rollicking vagaries and vagrancies played in a setting of comical grotesqueries, all miraculously met together in a frowsy, jolly, foggy, thirsty Wonderland of unspeakable dwellings and peoples. This is all in a familiar genre, but it has so often been attempted and failed altogether of its general effect that one has grown utterly tired of it. It is the greater sufficiency of this book, I think, that will make its sure appeal both to those who approve its more sombre effects and those who most enjoy its hilarious moments at a time like this, when we are all so eager either for thrills of the senses or for trills of laughter.

And now there is this "Second Book of Artemas"[3] whose "First Book" I reviewed in THE BOOKMAN some four or five months ago. What have I to add to what I said then? It was then its irony I praised most. Irony is still the first thing I have to praise in it, and the last. The book is not less worthy, as most sequels are said to be, but more worthy of commendation, and all the more so because the first glad shock of its initial surprise is not diminished but increased by this new volume, which I hope may continue its series of sequels for all time. Why not? Incidentally the advertisements for forthcoming books from the same firm are so perfectly in the true art and style of the real great Artemas that I am almost inclined to declare my faith in his identity in the person of the actual publisher himself.

EDWIN PUGH.

THE SPIRITUAL BACKGROUND.*

An American comes over in the story to purchase backgrounds, "spiritual values," literally their effigies and symbols, in whatever shape they may turn up in any artificial market which he may be able to create at the moment—with the help of an almost "infinite credit" behind him and with a zeal which is in proportion to his appetite. Stratford-on-Avon and Salisbury Cathedral may be scarcely possible in the dream, but they are not definitely outside the purview. Stonehenge seems well within it. The complete failure of his quest is scored on the American's story by several shiploads of rarities, some tons of which "spiritual treasure were sunk by submarine." However, the American comes before the curtain at the end with a certain epic grandeur, when his country enters into the war; he puts a million into the British War Loan, threatens to enlist, and cries: "All I have is England's." So at heart he is one of those rare Americans who are very common in these uplifting days; but I question whether Mr. Graham could depict evil characters because of his own heart; at least they would not be in the image and likeness of the real evil humanities. I must confess that I have found some parts of the story a little tiresome, though it deals with living people, and some of them are a joy to meet. Unlike too many quests which are written and read in these days, both setting and characters are not so subsidiary to the purpose in view that they are merely pretexts. But I am a poor judge in these matters, confessing as I must that I find most stories difficult which are later than Malory's great book of King Arthur. At the same time, being also on the quest of spiritual values, I have found rich treasures in Mr. Graham's motive and spirit, and his book from this point of view is "beautiful exceedingly," to have and to hold for ever. Within the spirit and the motive is also the setting of the quest, its story—apart from the American—of pilgrimage to holy places of our islands. Within them also is Mr. Graham's "priest of the ideal," the Mentor of the quest, an English gentleman on whom "the spark from heaven" has indeed fallen, nor yet the spark only, for he is a faithful light, a still and constant fire. The quest is of Glastonbury, Iona and other of our great shrines, the history of which is sealed with sanctity, while their legends are of those things "chronicled for the truest and holiest in this world." There is a very real sense in which legend is the seal of history. It is of the "hunger and thirst of the heart," the environment and atmosphere of that priesthood which is of the ideal mode. Though we know it otherwise, they tell us in their own manner that if ordination is by the laying on of hands, there are some heads on which some hands are laid that are not of this world. Now, there are legends which originate with the people, and are of time immemorial as such. They are voices of the heart of the people. There are those which are matters of invention, for the promotion of certain interests and the maintenance of certain claims in respect of places and things. It happens that these occasionally, and in the course of generations, are so incorporated with the life of the places and their people that they assume a kind of substituted reality, for the simple reason that life is a real thing, and that which becomes part of life has a share therein. It is for this reason presumably that Mr. Graham gives the legend of Joseph of Arimathea and his conversion of Britain, as if it was the word of history. Round about it there groups all the pageant of the Holy Grail, which is greater and truer than mere facts in an English chronicle. King Arthur was not, historically speaking, buried at Glastonbury, and the British chieftain is a very different personality from the hero of romance. But the British chieftain is dead, and has left no memory among us, while the King of Malory's book is alive for evermore in our hearts. Hereof is the priesthood of Glastonbury, for places have also their priesthood. Iona utters a valid benediction, and Tara's hill lifts up its hands, as at an evening sacrifice. In an ideal sense King Arthur certainly lived and is not now dead but sleeping—in Avalon or otherwhere. I for one believe that he is not only *Rex quondam* but *Rexque futurus*, and will be rendered back to us in that time when the priesthood of this country shall have become that priesthood of the ideal, of which Mr. Graham gives us a living instance. Meanwhile, in the spiritual background, he and his story are of England's spiritual values.

A. E WAITE.

THE LAUGHTER-MOVING TOUCH.*

"There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth"—but no such straining of parallels as that of Fluellen is necessary to indicate the coincidences

[2] "Robert Shenstone." By W. J. Dawson. 6s. net. (John Lane.)

[3] "The Second Book of Artemas." 2s. net. (Westall.)

* "Priest of the Ideal." By Stephen Graham. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

* "The Humphries Touch." By Frederick Watson. 6s. net. (Collins).—"Piccadilly Jim." By P. G. Wodehouse. 6s. net. (Jenkins.)

MEN AND MOODS.

By EDWARD ANTON.

I HAVE just delivered myself from one of those "moods" to which, as a Celt, I am somewhat liable.

I wish to emphasise that I "delivered myself," which describes the process exactly. Time was when I waited for my moods to pass; now I end them at will. It means much to me, and it is one of the many reasons why I think so highly of Pelmanism as an instrument of self-mastery.

All of us suffer—consciously or unconsciously—from "moods," in great or less degree. And the man or woman who has learnt the secret of mood-mastery has acquired knowledge which not only adds largely to his or her working capacity, but also to the capacity for interest, pleasure, and even happiness.

"Moods" are the fog-banks of the mind: impeding progress and perverting vision. They are induced by a diversity of causes, into the nature of which it is not my intention to inquire here; it is their effect that I am presently considering.

If I illustrate my remarks by reference to my own case, it will, I hope, be understood that I do so not from egotism but from a desire to speak from experience.

A retrospective survey of my forty-odd years of existence shows me that, up to the date of my introduction to the Pelman Course, I have been greatly the victim of "moods"; gloomy moods, impulsive moods, irritable moods, lavish moods, irresponsible moods, moods of inexcusable optimism, moods of the deepest self-distrust. And I dare say there are many thousands of men and women who, whether they recognise it or not, are equally handicapped by their wretched perversions of mentality which we call "moods."

"I can't help it," we often say, "it's my nature." Just so often have I attempted to excuse myself for a word or an action which I could not defend. "It's my nature!"

We libel "nature" and we belittle ourselves in uttering such an infamous phrase. It is not "nature" that is to blame; it is our self-ignorance. The majority of us, successful or unsuccessful, are deplorably ignorant of those forces which constitute our personality and make us individuals. Strange that in an age which prides itself upon its spirit of investigation we should have been so remiss in getting to know what there is to be known about *ourselves*!

But Pelmanism is changing all this, and in doing so is showing us not only how to abolish certain undesirable moods, but even teaching us how to produce other moods which are desirable and profitable.

Let us get back to our "awful example"—myself. I was most conscious of my handicap where it affected my work. When I was "in the mood" for work I worked well: but the "moods," alas! were all too infrequent. They would come unannounced and would depart abruptly: I could not depend upon myself.

That disability has been conquered, thanks to Pelmanism, and I may, without affectation, claim to be able to produce my best standard of work at will. There is no need to dilate upon the enormous advantage this has been to me—an advantage which I can translate not only in terms of £ s. d. (the usual criterion), but, what is of more significance to me, in sentiment and self-esteem.

Even upon those occasions when I could honestly say that my "mood" had been partly, if not wholly, induced by bad health, I have found "Pelmanising" result in an astonishing betterment: enabling me to overcome my mental inertia, and, by reaction, improving my physical condition.

This may probably seem difficult of belief to some of my readers, but there are the simple facts—and they are amply corroborated by the voluntary evidence of hundreds of other "Pelmanists."

Let us take another phase—the dissatisfied, restless mood which, intervening, makes work, pleasure, interest, or recreation impossible: "a feeling that you don't know what you want," as I have heard it described. Here again I have achieved conquest, and am able to put the "mood" to rout as soon as I am conscious of it. How much that has meant to me in the last few years it would be difficult to estimate.

Irritability—another supposedly "natural" feeling—was a severe handicap which I have successfully "Pelmanised," but here the battle is not yet completely won. Of the ultimate issue, however, I have not the slightest doubt.

The net result is to give me a feeling of power that I never remember possessing previously—not even in my supremely confident boyish days. I *know* now what I can make myself do—and I do it. I do not wait miserably upon Chance, Mood, Circumstance, Environment, or any other of the bogies which cripple and nullify human effort—I appoint my work, I command my mood, and I achieve satisfaction.

Let me repeat that these notes are penned in no egotistical spirit. I want readers of THE BOOKMAN to realise that "Pelmanism" may well represent something of far more moment to them, personally, than they may have yet realised. It is simply the impossibility of explaining in a column or two the immense range of limitless possibilities of the System which compels certain popular phases of "Pelmanism" to receive more frequent mention than others.

Ability to induce a working mood at will is a distinctly valuable gain: but there are others. The Pelmanist who faithfully applies the principles of the Course can don a mood suited to every occasion. Interest, sympathy, criticism, appreciation, contemplation—all these various moods or mental attitudes may be cultivated: perhaps not always with the same degree of success but invariably to a certain degree.

Confidence is, probably, the mood which most matters for the majority of men and women, and I will quote what was recently written upon this matter by a Pelman student (a traffic manager on a big Northern Railway System):

"The Pelman Course breathes confidence from the beginning . . . confidence to attain the object in view, confidence in what the student is taught, and confidence in himself.

"What self-confidence means can only be appreciated by those who have known the lack of it. To have failed—not from lack of ability but from lack of self-confidence—at a time which marked the making or the marring of a career, is an agony which takes a long time to drive from the mind. . . .

"To the self-doubter the Pelman Course is a boon and a blessing. It opens a new outlook on life, it sends one forth rejoicing in a new-found strength. I am—*I ought*—I CAN."

Those are words written straight from the heart; they should be well pondered by every man and every woman who has so far failed to find a footing on the ladder of success.

The financial, business, and professional advantages have been so much explained and so liberally evidenced that, I suppose, no reader of THE BOOKMAN requires further assurance on that matter from my pen. Equally, enough has been said of the "pull" which Pelmanism confers upon the Army or Navy officer or man. I regard these triumphs—solid and substantial as they are—as "theatrical effects" compared with the deep and lasting change which the study of this remarkable system can and does produce in the inner life of the individual.

Financial, business, professional, and social considerations do not represent the main considerations in life. Our vocations and our social amenities constitute but a part of our daily lives. It is of infinitely greater importance to be able to command a happy, contented frame of mind, to be able to take a living interest in the world around us, to be able to develop and control *ourselves*, than it is to double our incomes or achieve professional advancement.

Thus, for the time being, I set commercial inducements aside and invite readers of THE BOOKMAN to consider the matter of Pelmanism from the higher plane. Every man and every woman with a proper degree of self-pride can, and should hasten to, profit by the adoption of the simple and scientifically sound principles laid down in the Pelman Course.

It is profoundly true that, as a student of the Course recently said, "If people only realised what Pelmanism was capable of effecting for them, the doors of the Pelman Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants."

There are, perhaps, a hundred strictly personal reasons why each or any reader of this page should become a Pelmanist, and I venture the statement that, if he or she realised it, any *one* of those hundred reasons would be sufficient *if he or she could be brought to realise it!* I have never yet met the man or woman who, having studied Pelmanism, has been in the least degree disappointed.

"Mind and Memory" (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a synopsis of the lessons) will be sent, gratis and post free, together with a reprint of "Truth's" famous report on the System and a form entitling readers of THE BOOKMAN *to the complete Pelman Course at one-third less than the usual fees, on application to-day (a post card will do) to the Pelman Institute, 20, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.*

which are to be found in these two droll and delightful stories, published respectively on May 9th and May 10th. In each a fat boy plays his important part, in each a butler is not without his dramatic importance, and in each a prize-fighter is enrolled among the minor characters. Both are so entertaining—afford so pleasant a period of mental diversion from the obsession of current events that it might almost seem invidious to discuss one before the other; but publication was not exactly coincident and therefore it is possible to avoid the seemingly invidious method by following the chronological.

Mr. Frederick Watson has established so sure a reputation as a humorous novelist that many readers will pounce on a new book from his pen without waiting for a hint as to its character from any "chorus of indolent reviewers," and such will have their reward in being among the first to follow the fortunes, for all too brief a while, of that marvellous boy, George Andrew Humphries. Sent to an ancient English school that he might pass from the stage of knickerbockers to that of trousers this boy was master of a "touch" that threatened the very foundations of the ancient educational institution which, to adapt Mrs. Poyser's phrase, he wished to make over again and make different. George Andrew was only fifteen "and small for his age," but he was a very big financier; he was indeed worth—"in *pounds*, not dollars"—some vast amount which he was not permitted to specify when he, outraged, sought to parley with an outraged master. The whole story of the boy—who is a veritable superman in all matters of business—in relation to the school in which he proves so disturbing an element affords delicious reading to those who can find joy in sheer hearty fun. Laughter is not among those things which war has compelled us to use in rationed minima, though it is one for which the capacity might well come to be atrophied in so grave a world-tragedy as that through which we are living; we should be the more grateful to a writer who uses his gift as a master of farcical comedy to such good effect as does Mr. Watson in this book. Laughter-compelling, indeed, is his account of the way in which George Andrew carries on his campaign and so nearly reduces "Warrenders" to that zero point at which he could buy it up. How he was foiled at the seeming moment of triumph is in itself an admirable example of "the Watson touch." It is by the way curious (or is it intentional?) that the master of the Humphries "touch"—a veritable addition to the gallery of the immortal schoolboys of fiction—uses almost literally the words of Nelson when he says, "I must be all or nothing."

Perhaps there is in Mr. Wodehouse's story something less of the delicacy of comedy, something more of the broad effect of farce than in Mr. Watson's work, but it, too, is most wholesomely diverting and may be cordially commended to anyone in search of something to "charm his pained steps over the burning marl" of current affairs. Here again we may lose ourselves a reading-while in amusement—and be the fitter for carrying on afterwards for having done so. Mr. Wodehouse centres all the strange doings of his strange company of people in the homes of two wealthy American sisters, both of them married for the second time. One is the wife of a New York millionaire, the other (the stepmother of Piccadilly Jim, alias James Crocker) has settled in London, and is seeking to jockey her ex-actor husband into the Peerage. Chance throws the scallawag Jim into the company of Ann Chester, during that capable young person's brief visit to London, and a very "Piccadillyish" exploit of his makes him return to New York on the same vessel. Now there are reasons why Ann's pet aversion among men is James Crocker, and therefore he poses as that undesirable's "double," with highly amusing results leading up to a phantasmagoric scene before a burgled safe, a scene in which a tube of deadly "Partridgite" and a medley of characters, of whom no less than three are not what they seem, have their parts to play.

WALTER JERROLD.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS WIFE OF ROLAND.*

"Men have the spirit of truth, women only its passion. There must be love in the essence of all creations; it would seem as though truth, like nature, has two sexes. There is invariably a woman at the beginning of all great undertakings; one was requisite to the principle of the French Revolution. We may say that philosophy found this woman in Madame Roland." Thus Lamartine wrote of the subject of this fascinating biography in his brilliant study, "The History of the Girondists," published in 1847. Carlyle likened her to a "white Grecian statue" that shone "in that black wreck of things"; Wordsworth described her as "the illustrious wife of Roland"; and when her husband escaped and she herself was arrested, it was said the "soul" had been captured though the "body" had taken flight. There was an element of masculinity in her nature. Did she not say of herself that she "ought to have been born a Roman or Spartan woman, or at least a French *man*"? Yet her love letters to Buzot prove her, when all is said, to have been a true daughter of Eve. The chapter devoted to this love-episode is, with sympathy and insight, beautifully written. Her love for Buzot irradiated her ghastly surroundings, cheered and solaced her, and enabled her to build a Heaven in Hell's despair in those dreadful prisons, the Abbaye, Sainte Pélagie, and the Conciergerie. Mrs. Pope-Hennessy tells us that "never were love-letters penned under more hopeless conditions, and yet the hopelessness of the conditions impart to the spirit of the writers the freedom and the *élan* of immortality." Has she not overlooked the "Letters of Heloise and Abelard"? Perhaps in dwelling thus on what was only after all but an incident in Manon Roland's life it may be thought that undue importance has been given to it. We may plead, however, that it forms so attractive a subject as to add in no inconsiderable degree to the charm of a book which holds one's absorbed interest from beginning to end. The part played by Madame Roland in political affairs during the period when her husband held the very important post of Minister of the Interior was so continuous, intimate and far-reaching that she was the very soul of the Girondist party—that party which Wordsworth himself was almost on the point of joining in his ardent republican days. Mrs. Pope-Hennessy's book may be strongly and confidently recommended as an important addition to the voluminous works on that ceaselessly interesting subject, the French Revolution. One could have wished the index had had more attention given to it, for it is merely a list of names of persons, no incidents in a book full of them being referred to.

We think the author is wrong in stating that the five letters written to Buzot during Madame Roland's imprisonment were discovered at the same time and place as was the former's portrait. This account differs from Mr. Austin Dobson's in the article on Madame Roland in his delightful "Four Frenchwomen."

S. BUTTERWORTH.

THREE WOMEN.†

The one profession successfully captured by women is the novelists'; the brilliant woman physician, the great woman surgeon is still the exception. Women poets, women journalists, women painters or sculptors, women scientists or preachers—all of them still arouse as much curiosity as admiration in the vulgar mind. But few readers would think now of qualifying a judgment on a novel by "Of course it's by a woman"; and many readers deliberately prefer women's fiction as being more workmanlike, more real, and less machine-made than men's. It is the more interesting to note that in fiction, more than in some other of the arts, certainly more than in painting,

* "Madame Roland." By Mrs. Pope-Hennessy. 16s. net. (Nisbet.)

† "Mr. Webster and Others." By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. 1s. 6d. net. (Collins.)—"Jamesie." By Ethel Sidgwick. 5s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)—"Second Marriage." By Viola Meynell. 6s. net. (Secker.)

a point of view is preserved and presented by women novelists which is distinctly coloured by sex. There are exceptions—some of Miss Robins' work, some of Mrs. Gerould's betrays no sex, or seems definitely masculine; just as some of Mr. Wells's might be taken as feminine; but on the whole the most considerable of the women novelists, with Miss Sinclair at the head, are defiantly feminine.

The mode of defiance varies. Mrs. Clifford's is of the old propagandist variety. If it were not that she has humour and a keen sense of proportion, Mrs. Clifford might have been even as—but why disturb those revered names of the late 'nineties? The author of "Aunt Anne" and the incomparable "Love-Letters" has a method as sharp as Miss Broughton's, and combines with it a kindly charity and a deep sympathy. The stories in "Mr. Webster" are mainly on the familiar difficulties of husbands and wives—or of unmarried people. Yet to such problems Mrs. Clifford brings a definite note of personal interest, a determination to give us a chance of recognising truth. "Miss Welsworth's Way," an excellent study of a woman at that difficult period of life (and of English history) when an "old maid" was regarded as necessarily a "huntress," shows the author's talent for wit and humanity at its best. "Mr. Webster" is cruder and more savage; "Freddie in Love" borders on farce—while "Tony's Share" and "Edward Brunton's Return" should be enjoyed by every reader who loves to see masculine self-sufficiency mocked at and reduced.

Mrs. Clifford frankly finds men—in the old-established back-to-the-fire attitude—funny, and makes us laugh with her. In "Jamesie" we find Miss Sidgwick presenting almost every one, except animals and children, as either blackguardly or stupid. Needless to say Miss Sidgwick does not use such plain speech. Even the ineffable "Steenie," who tries to seduce his sister's maid in his sister's house, is not condemned roundly; while Joyce Pennant, a minx of temperament, is condemned rather more severely. In the case of both Miss Sidgwick and Miss Meynell the wheel has come round full circle. Whether through an eager desire to be fair, or through less acquaintance with masculine character, they have arrived at the same point as the old-fashioned women. The men who in "Jamesie" one is apparently expected to admire—the Duke, Iveagh, Oxborough, are either insufferably rude or fatuously dull. Iveagh is no more like an Irishman or a gentleman than he was when Miss Sidgwick first introduced him in "Hatchways." Her extraordinary attachment to him and his like makes one wonder whether that clever woman is right who will have it that Rochester is still every woman's hero. The form of "Jamesie"—a series of rather confused, undated letters with an ingenious thread of commentary—makes it difficult reading, and gives it an appearance of subtlety, which rather vanishes on closer acquaintance. Miss Sidgwick is in danger of getting rather too wrapt up in her characters. A novelist's people may run away with the plot, or the circumstances, or one another—but never with their creator.

Miss Meynell's new book marks an amazing advance. She seems to have recognised the peril of living too much on ideas, and has come out into a bigger world than that treated of in her more recent novels. "Second Marriage" is more spacious in treatment, broader in outlook, and far more objective in handling than any of her books since her "Lot Barrow." And as an artist she has advanced considerably since she wrote "Lot Barrow." She uses the fen-country with its odd atmosphere of sinister intimacy with surprising effect; and in Arnold she has created a genuine character. Whether in love or at work or in proud loneliness, Arnold is always credible and coherent. It is true that he has something of the cruelty which a morbid streak in Miss Meynell compels her to give her young men—but he has real sensitiveness, and we feel Ismay has done well in her second marriage. Ismay is magnificent in a simple, direct way; and her sisters are drawn with a skill and a knowledge of motive which was

Mr. HEINEMANN'S LIST

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MR. A. H. COPEMAN, the well-known bookseller of Copeman's Bookshop and Book Rooms, 16, Clarence Street, Cheltenham Spa, has been appointed Sole Agent for FRANCES GURNEY'S Thoughtful Books on the ESOTERIC TEACHING OF THE GNOSTIC. The work is published at 3/6, and offered at 2/- cash, or post free for 2/4. Mr. Copeman is also the agent for the same author's League of Isis booklets.

evident in the girls in "Modern Lovers." This is the first book of Miss Meynell's in which she has definitely tried to give character rather than temperament. The effort to do that is what marks off the possibly great artist from the craftsman. However skilful you may be, no amount of ingenuity in the describing and representing of temperament can make up for the lack ot the power to create character. Miss Meynell is still far too occupied with temperament, too aware of its movement, but in Ismay and Arnold she passes beyond, and gives us promise of still better work to come.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

NEW POETRY.

Emile Cammaerts is of the tribe of him who wept when he remembered Israel. There is a passionate sincerity and simplicity in "Messines, and Other Poems,"[1] an entire absence of artifice, a clarity, a sweetness. He is never strange, nor exacting, nor difficult with his readers. In a sense these songs of his, even when they are red-hot with passion and indignation, even when they call to war and cry for justice, are *little* songs. A child or a peasant might read and understand, might sing these over to himself, for they deal with the quiet and innocent things, with religion and wedded love, and the tender, human ties, and love of country and pity and grief for her. By the waters of Babylon the poet has sat down and wept because he remembered Zion. There is a clarity as of Blake at his simplest and sanest; there are colours of the landscapes and the rivers and the cottages, and the quiet eyes of the old, and the Stable of Bethlehem. M. Cammaerts is a natural Christian soul, and he is full of tendernesses. Nothing is more beautiful than his song of the old:

"O les veilles, les chéres vielles, qui n'osent pas parler,
Qui se rongent dans leur coin la tèté sur le côté,
En songeant à ceux qu'elles out vu partir
Et qui tardent tout à revenir!"

But that is equalled by the beauty of "The Last Crusader," with its touches of homeliness. Tommy in khaki guarding the Holy Sepulchre and remembering how the blackbird sings in Elstree village, Tommy the twentieth-century brother of Richard, Robert, Louis and Godfrey, whose shades stand about the Holy Sepulchre. The poems for children are strangely beautiful.

Very unlike Cammaerts is James Stephens, the Irish poet, that odd bundle of whimsicalities to smile at and to love. His "Reincarnations"[2] are not translations from the old Irish bards and poets so much as glimpses of them and their songs. A word, a phrase, a mood, a lamentation, and around these Mr. Stephens, to quote his own image, has blown a bubble of verse. It takes an Irish mind to understand those proud and vagabond bards, and Mr. Stephens's is the mind for it. He is indeed brother in blood and spirit to Raftery and the rest of them, so that instead of looking at them from outside he has slipped into their skins and looks out at the reader with laughing and grieving and resentful eyes. "O'Bruidair," he says of one of them, "lets out of him an unending rebellious bawl which would be the most desolating utterance ever made by man if it was not also the most gleeful." There are lovely love-songs here after O'Rahilly, as though Mr. Stephens had blown a fairy bubble, delicately roseate and silver and gold, but O'Bruidair's railings on those who slighted him take the heart. This is true Stephens and true O'Bruidair.

BLUE BLOOD.

"We thought at first, this man is a king for sure
Or the branch of a mighty and ancient and famous lineage,
That silky, sulky, illiterate, black-avised boy
Who was hatched by foreign vulgarity under a hedge.

"The good men of Clare were drinking his health in a flood,
And gazing, with me in awe, at the princely lad,
And asking each other from what bluest blueness of blood
His daddy was squeezed, and the pa of the da of his dad.

* * * * *

"We waited there gaping and wondering anxiously
Until he'd stop eating and let the glad tidings out:
And the slack-jawed booby proved to the hilt that he
Was lout, son of lout, by old lout, and was da to a lout."

Mr. Stephens's flavour is all his own. He has found the Crock of Gold, and makes rare play with it. We get back to sophisticated and modern things—very modern—in Mr. Gerald Gould's "Monogamy."[3] The poet asks that these dramatic lyrics of unhappy marriages be treated as poems, not as opinions. Well, there is little doubt about Mr. Gould's gift of poetry. He is extraordinarily sure in his handling of his art: he has passion, fire, fervour. These unhappy dramas are set against backgrounds of green spring and moonlight that let colours and fragrances slip through. There is energy in his poetry, so that one feels that the poet lives in what he writes, but, after all, there is here the preoccupation with sex, something of it, that was bred in the stagnancy of the long Peace, and is somehow out of place in these times of War. Mr. Gould has written songs of happy love. One is apt to find in this world what one looks for, and the people who believe in happy marriage find abundant evidence for their belief, as do those who hold the opposite view. One is grateful to Mr. Gould for as much as that his unhappy husbands tend to make the best of a bad job, but one would rather this beautiful and fluent poetry was given to happier and healthier things.

"Dunch"[4] is a queer book, with qualities. Those who are repelled by the deliberate ugliness of the first part of the book should turn to the later poems. It is difficult to understand how the ugly realism of the village poems—if poems these irregular stanzas can be called—should come from the same hand and mind that produced "Cor Mundum Creavit" or the "Braggart," or any one of a dozen poems towards the end of the book which prove that the writer has gifts of beauty, tenderness, and deep thinking, of which we shall hear again when she has shed her inexorable realism. Yet perhaps there is something to be said for the poet to whom nothing of the stuff of life is common or unclean.

Violet Gillespie in "Poems of 1915"[5] goes back to the old simple way of beauty and music in poetry, although the fountains are troubled and the new wine is often bitter. But the poet has a delicate vocabulary; she can make a song: her wistful and tender cadences will give joy to the lovers of poetry: she has her place, though a minor one, in the choir.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

[1] "Messines, and Other Poems." By Emile Cammaerts. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)
[2] "Reincarnations." By James Stephens. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
[3] "Monogamy: Dramatic Lyrics." By Gerald Gould. 1s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)
[4] "Dunch." By Susan Miles. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackwell.)
[5] "Poems of 1915." By Violet Gillespie. (Macdonald.)

Novel Notes.

THE SILENT LEGION. By J. E. Buckrose. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The Simpsons in the year 1917 are a typical middle-class family. The only son has been killed in the war, the father—a conscientious special policeman—has had to close down his business, one daughter is invalided home from school, while the elder daughter Barbara has had to give up hospital work and devote herself to the care of a sick mother and the home. Over and above these cares Barbara has to face two proposals of marriage. The first, had it come years earlier, would have been accepted, for in her young days Barbara had wanted Frank Garret badly. But when, after years of selfish dilly-dallying, Garret puts his proposal into words he meets with an emphatic refusal.

Thus the stage is cleared for the entry of Barbara's lonely soldier and a more successful proposal. "The Silent Legion" is not only a charming love story: it is a homely war-time novel reflecting the stolid grit and endurance of the English middle class—the only class, according to Mrs. Buckrose, that instinctively shrinks from blowing its own trumpet. One of the ablest and most poignantly revealing stories the war has yet given us.

TOP SPEED. By W. Pett Ridge. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

"There are many worse things than being well off," remarked Beryl. "At any rate, that's what I'm out for." "Not much credit," remarked her sister, "in marrying for riches." "If you have riches," said the younger girl, "you can get plenty of credit." That, in a nutshell is the common-sense philosophy of the Donaldson family. The son, a rather unlikeable cub, goes abroad under a cloud, but with less of his father's honesty and rugged simplicity he has the paternal knack of making good, and comes home, expecting he will have to be somewhat ashamed of his father, to find that his father has mounted higher than himself in the social scale. For Mr. Donaldson has a perfect genius for making headway. He is at the start a prosperous milkman in one of the meaner London suburbs; with no education to boast of, no imposing appearance, no useful family connections, but plenty of business ability and plenty of ambition, and he rises steadily from being a power on his district Council to the Mayoralty; proceeds to become a J.P., then an M.P., and winds up by achieving a knighthood. It is a capital story, told with Mr. Pett Ridge's characteristic humour and knowledge of ordinary humanity, and is shrewdly and genially satirical both on those who rise in the world, and those who do not. "You ain't half a bad sort," Hand said to Donaldson, in the hour of his triumph. "If it hadn't been for you getting on in the world, and me not, I could have loved you like a brother!"

THE WOMEN WHO WAIT. By Mary Marlowe. 6s. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

This is a book with a message, telling the women who wait what the author considers it to be their duty to do while their menfolk are away fighting. It is a spirited attack on the idle, wealthy wife who spends her time playing at war-work when she is not playing at bridge.

Miss Mary Marlowe.

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The real war-work for such women is, according to the author, motherhood; the work of reconstructing should be theirs while the men are away destroying. The spirit in which the French maid in the story says, "I can give back to France what they take from her now," is the spirit Miss Marlowe would have cultivated. The story has much to do with clairvoyance, and contains a striking character in Madame Corèze, beauty-specialist and clairvoyant; though the principal character (Miss Marlowe declares that the book has no official heroine) is Clare Innes, one of the wealthy women who are "playing" at war-work. How she comes to realise what her real war-work should be constitutes the main theme of the story. Miss Marlowe has a delightful style—easy, light, yet full of vigour; and her understanding of and sympathy with children make the chapters in which she deals with them most enjoyable reading. Whether you agree with Miss Marlowe's ideas, or not, you should read the book, because it deals with subjects that concern us all.

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Billy Somers is a dashing young subaltern, who has the misfortune to propose to three different girls on the same evening and to be accepted by all of them. Only one is an intentional proposal, the others being accidental and the result of a malicious trick played upon him by an unfriendly fellow officer. Billy is landed in a very unpleasant predicament, and finds himself left with the two girls he doesn't want, whilst the "One Girl in the World," believing he has played her false, refuses to have anything more to do with him. The worst of it is, the unlucky boy cannot explain how the complication came about. His dilemma lends itself to many laughable incidents, and Miss Berta Ruck tells the story in her usual bright, vivacious style, and ingeniously clears up everything in the end, without any broken hearts or blighted lives. It is a book bubbling over with good-humoured fun—a capital companion for a rainy day or a long railway journey.

IN RUSSIA'S NIGHT. By Olive Garnett. 6s. net. (Collins.)

The "Russian night" of Miss Garnett's title is not the present dubious gloom. The action of the book is set a few years ago, and its climax is the "Bloody Sunday" of January, 1905. The story is told in the first person by a young Englishwoman, niece of a lady with a dear Russian friend, who invites the girl to come and stay with her. We thus see Russia intimately, and yet through English eyes. In the fullness of time the girl marries Madame Annenkov's son Dmitri, an artist with Bohemian and revolutionary friends. Katia herself, like Madame Annenkov, is what we should call "correct"; yet by the irony of fate a picture of her by her husband becomes a symbol of Russia's tragedy, and prints of it are eagerly bought and cherished by young revolutionaries. A diversion to Florence brings Katia into contact with exiled Russians, and especially with one, Muromsky, with whom she falls in love. The book generally is one of steadily rising interest, and with the appearance of Muromsky it becomes engrossing. A return to Petrograd plunges us into the events leading up to that fatal Sabbath. In view of the pertinacious attempts to prejudice English popular opinion against the Revolution, and create a reaction in favour of the old order, the description of the massacre before the Winter Palace, where the workmen with their wives and children, and carrying ikons and pictures of the Tsar, had assembled to present a petition to the Little Father (who wasn't there at all) should have special value as a reminder of what the Imperialist regime was like. Among the slain is Muromsky, and, in trying to care for his body, Dmitri is clubbed by a soldier, and dies too. Subject and treatment alike make the book one of special interest to English readers. The very fact that Russian life in it is treated objectively, that is, described as seen by an outsider who at first—and almost at last—knows nothing about it, may make the book attractive to those who cannot easily breathe the authentic atmosphere of the indigenous novelists. Readers should certainly mark it as a book to get from the libraries.

MY LOVE'S BUT A LASSIE. By Katharine Tynan. 5s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

A dainty love story with plenty of mystery, German spying, and khaki, for a background. Nurse Smith (alias Schmidt) is a weird character drawn with a strength and insight that make her stand out boldly from the long line of German spies in fiction that we have met since the war began. Sylvia Treherne, Miss Tynan's heroine, will win all hearts from the first. She is charming, and the adventures she goes through, from the mysterious night when we first become acquainted with her at the little country inn kept by Mrs. Skerrett (Nurse Schmidt again, under another name) to the exciting episode that takes place at Sylvia's home in Cornwall—where Nurse Smith turns up to look after Sylvia's invalid uncle—all keep us thoroughly fascinated. Sir James Beauclerk, a kindly, elderly Judge of the High Courts, whose favourite recreation is tramping round the country, dressed in old clothes, and making the acquaintance of all sorts and conditions of men and women, is a lovable old gentleman, who fortunately has quite an important part to play in the story. Every one knows the charm of Miss Tynan's style—add to this a good plot and plenty of interesting characters, and you know why "My Love's But a Lassie" is a book that you should on no account miss.

THE SHORT CUT. By Jackson Gregory. 5s. net. (Melrose.)

Romance of the Far West, of broad free spaces and of strong human passions strongly demonstrated, has a lasting attraction for readers doomed to dwell in humdrum sophistication. From the first chapter of "The Short Cut" Mr. Gregory shows that he is going to make things hum, to employ an appropriate locution. When Wanda happens upon the murdered Arthur Shandon and finds near the body the revolver belonging to Arthur's brother, then the experienced reader knows by the twin tests of experience and instinct that Wayne Shandon was not the murderer, and that there will be considerable difficulty in establishing his innocence. The unconventional Wanda, daughter of a somewhat dour rancher, is a heroine who "hunts" the creatures of the wild with a camera, and also a delightful and courageous person who plays a goodly part in the saving of the somewhat easy-going and unsuspicious Wayne. In the end, of course it is betraying no secret to say as much, she wins through to the reward of her courage and faith. She it is who takes the "short cut" of the title, a short cut on which a man's life and fortunes depend, and one that gives the author the opportunity of describing in very vivid fashion a breathless race on skis over snowy country.

The Bookman's Table.

NEW AND OLD. By Edith Sichel. With an Introduction by A. C. Bradley. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

This volume, containing a selection from the late Miss Sichel's papers, is a tribute not merely to her personal excellence and her published books but also to the high quality of the literary criticism—often anonymous—printed by the current periodicals. In the days before the war made wood pulp an article of luxury, the mere quantity of such criticism circulated among general readers was enormous; but even more remarkable than the large quantity was the high quality that, too often, does not accompany large quantity. Indeed it might be said (not without reproach) that readers had in the literary columns of their papers almost too much of a good thing. It is to be hoped that they are now sensible of the deprivation. The constant

appearance, even in the cheapest papers, of articles that were not mere reviews, but general studies in literature and history and science and philosophy, must never be forgotten when we are considering the educative forces at work during recent years. The present volume contains an introductory sketch by no less a man than Dr. A. C. Bradley, and a series of extracts from Miss Sichel's letters and note-books; but quite the best part of it, as we have hinted, is the collection of review articles, the kind of thing that casual readers glanced at, perhaps read, possibly liked, and certainly threw away. Here collected they make a most interesting volume, not only worth reading, but worth keeping for constant dipping into. The subjects are mainly French—Pascal, Rousseau, Louis XIV., Madame de Maintenon, St. Vincent de Paul, and various memoir writers, and they are treated in such a way as to be a pleasure to those who know something of the matter and an education to those who do not.

SONNETS AND POEMS. By Eleanor Farjeon. 3s. net. (Blackwell.)

Miss Farjeon's poems are rich with happy phrases and strong poetic feeling. Her lyrics run with a musical lilt, and show a passionate love of beauty; she sings of love and life—those themes which have inspired poets of all times and can never grow hackneyed; lamenting that:

"Certain among us walk in loneliness
Along the pale unprofitable days,
Hazarding many an unanswered guess
At what vague purpose wastes us on our ways.
We know that we are potent to create,
We say, I could be such or such or such,
And lo, indifferent death swings back the gate
And life has never put us to the touch. . . ."

And again:

"What is this anguish, then, that always stands
Mingled in love, if love be love's sole end?
O, it is life still gasping his commands
And crying love therein to stand his friend.
Life drives us all whether we love or no,
We are life's purpose, he much less is ours,
And we like panting beasts in harness go
While his fierce needs make torment of our powers.

"Only when love across the heavy fields
Divinely treads to labour with the clods,
He breaks the goad that life is glad to yield,
And lifts the yoke that bowed us to the sods;
Upstanding, we behold a God revealed,
And serve life's purpose not like beasts but gods."

When one begins to quote, one is tempted to go on. It is hardly possible without much quotation to give any impression of the very fine quality of the work, and we strongly recommend the reader to read these sonnets and poems for himself.

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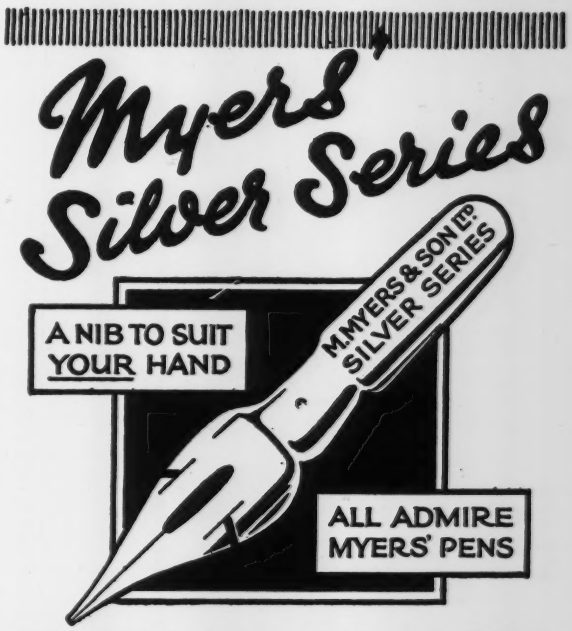

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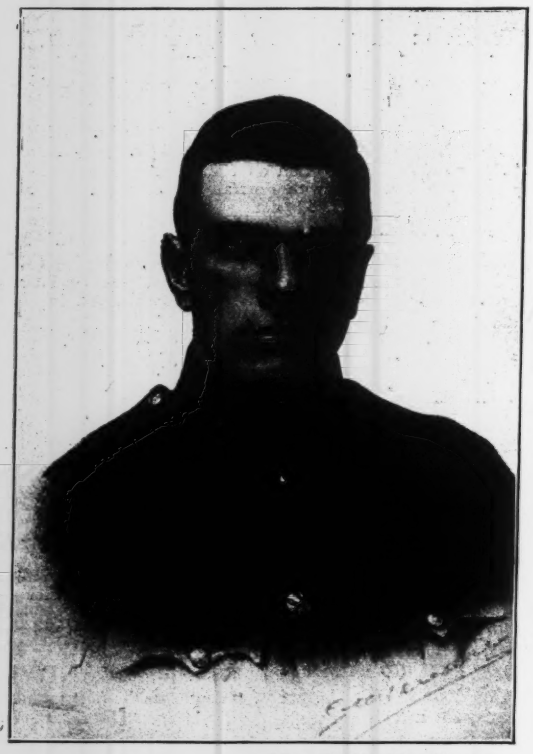

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